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MODERN LITERATURE:

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A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

By ROBERT BISSET, LL.D.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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MODERN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER X.

BRIGHTON is ſituated on a declivity deſcending from the South Downs, a ridge of hills, which riſing near the eaſt coaſt of Kent, runs along the Channel to Hampſhire, where gradually declining into woodlands, it at laſt terminates in fertile valleys. There are three approaches to the town from London; two winding between the hills by Lewes and Cuckfield; the third acroſs the ridge by Henfield. From the laſt, as you come near the town, the proſpect is ex-

tremely ſtriking on every ſide. You have been contemplating the Downs, which appeared like a line of bulwarks, guarding the rich and beautiful vale of Suſſex. Before you, opens to your view the ſea, which ſerves as a grand fence to the power, property, and independence of England, with a diſtant view of ſhips wafting from the various quarters of the globe wealth, the remuneration of induſtry. Purſuing theſe to the left, you attend them beyond Beachy-head, carrying riches towards London, their principal emporium. Turning your eyes next to the right, you deſcry the Iſle of Wight, which naturally ſuggeſts the idea of Portſmouth; and of Britiſh ſtrength ſecuring Britiſh opulence. Deſcending, under you is the town of Brighton, which, beginning in an eminence, declines towards the ſouth-eaſt in a regular and gradual ſweep to the

Steyne,

Steyne, a beautiful lawn, bounded by the cliff. Thence it again riſes along the cliff with a gentle aſcent to the eaſtward. An amphitheatrical range of hills protects the town from the boiſterous aſſaults of the north and north-eaſterly winds; on the weſt, extenſive corn-fields gradually and beautifully ſlope, from the Downs towards the ſea.

The chief *oſtenſible* object of viſiting Brighton being ſea-bathing, that operation commences the employment of the morning; and the whole beach is covered with perſons, either preparing for the immerſion, or enjoying themſelves with the ſalutary air of the ſea.

When the tide is up, the water comes very near the cliff; and the bathing would, to ſcrupulous minds, appear offenſive to decency; but rigid ſtrictneſs being totally unſuitable to the purſuits of Brighton relaxation, this objection, what-

whatever it might be in theory, has evidently no practical weight. The ladies ſeem far from averſe to the contemplation; and the cliffs are never more the ſcenes of female reſort. Here indeed a young miſs may learn more in a week than a boarding-ſchool, with even the aſſiſtance of a circulating library, could teach her in a year. Objects *ſeen*, as the poet well obſerves, are much more impreſſive than thoſe heard as ſubjects of diſcourſe.

> "Segniùs *irritant* animos, demiſſa per aures,
> Quàm quæ ſunt *oculis ſubjecta* fidelibus."

Were this public expoſure diſagreeable to the viſitants of Brighton, it might be eaſily prevented by a police vigilant in the execution of duty. Men might be compelled to confine their bathing to an early hour in the morning, and to keep in the wake of the machines, eſpecially

cially in *ſhallow* water. But it may be queſtioned, whether this reform would anſwer the beneficial purpoſe of drawing out more ladies to enjoy the morning ſea; at leaſt, it has not been heard that any of them have heen frightened by the preſent mode of exhibition. Gentlemen, it muſt be allowed, are in this particular ſo far correct, that they rarely bathe ſo publicly but at an early hour; but footmen, grooms, and perſons of the ſame rank, chooſe to diſplay themſelves, without any machines, at the middle of the day, when the company naturally aſſemble on the beach to cool themſelves by the ſea-breeze.

The preſentments before that ſcene of elegant reſort, the marine library, are little leſs inconſiſtent with decency, than if the exhibitions were made on the Steyne, to the company collected under Mr. Gregory's piazzas. A libra-

rian lately endeavoured to remove this ſpectacle, but by a very inadequate mode. To prevent theſe men from ſhewing themſelves naked to the ladies, he attempted to take away all their clothes. Baffled in an eſſay, which, if ſucceſsful, was ſo little calculated to remove the evil, he was ſeized by the exhibitors, and plunged into the element which they had left. The ſuffering incurred by his meritorious regard for decency did not, it is ſaid, excite the ſympathy and compaſſion which might have been expected. Many did not ſtick to ſay, that he deſerved it by his officiouſneſs in endeavouring to avenge inſults offered to female delicacy, of which female delicacy itſelf by no means complained.

Whatever individual diverſities of character are to be found at Brighton, in one quality all the viſitors agree, that

is

is idleneſs. Tradeſmen, merchants, ſcholars, lawyers, ſenators, and ſtateſmen; in ſhort, men accuſtomed to cloſe application and conſtant induſtry at their reſpective homes, here do nothing. To ſuch, relaxation muſt be uſeful, by affording them freſh vigour when they return to their employments. But to mere fine gentlemen, and other habitual loungers, who have nothing to do, at leaſt do nothing at any time, or in any place, it is doubtful if it can afford the ſame recreation. To them its variety is merely local; the whole change is removal from the banks of the Thames to the coaſt of the Channel; from lounging uſeleſſneſs in Bond-ſtreet, to lounging uſeleſſneſs on the Steyne.

The inhabitants, though ſucceſsfully buſy, are engaged in occupations adminiſtering to idleneſs. If they do work, their labour is by no means productive,

and adds nothing to the uſeful ſtock of the community. Their chief manufactures are toys; their principal commerce is gambling; every ſhop in Brighton, the bookſeller's, the fruiterer's, the coal-merchant's, the milliner's, the tallow-chandler's, the perfumer's, the apothecary's, and the undertaker's, is a toy-ſhop, and a gambling ſhop.

From bathing, the viſitors return to breakfaſt, when juſt and high praiſes are beſtowed on the excellent bread, and the no leſs excellent butter that comes from the Suſſex valleys and Downs, enhanced by the keen appetite which the healthy air produces. Exquiſite honey alſo convinces the viſitors that the Georgics of Suſſex are favourable to bees, as well as to paſturage and agriculture. The reſt of the morning is paſſed either in the toyſhops and walks of Brighton, or in land and water

excursions to the neighbouring towns and villages. The days not devoted to peregrinations have an uniformity so great, that a diary of one may almost serve for an account of the whole season. The hours from seven to nine are usually spent in bathing and walking on the beach and cliff; from nine till ten is occupied by breakfast, and waiting the arrival of the post; letters not only of business, but of amusement, and even of frivolity, serving to relieve unoccupied minds from vacuity. At ten we set out in quest of food and of knowledge. Attended by the cook, we betake ourselves to the market, to examine the price and quality of fish and of meat. Having provided for dinner, and thus made dispositions for preserving ourselves, we next with laudable patriotism proceed to inquire into the means of preserving our country. Having concluded our dispatches to the kitchen, we cross over to the

the library, to peruſe the London Evening papers, and give judgment on the conduct of the various cabinets of Europe. Reading and thinking being burdens too heavy to be borne by moſt of the Brighton viſitors, we are fortunate enough to meet in the library gentlemen moſt generouſly diſpoſed to relieve us from the trouble of both. Some accompliſhed perſon, eminent for his elocution, with benevolence the more meritorious, becauſe unſolicited, undertakes to pronounce aloud the contents of theſe repoſitories of intelligence; employing dignity of emphaſis, he reads a paragraph about faſhionable dreſſes with a ſolemnity of diction that might ſuit the recitations of Adam's prayer in Paradiſe Loſt; perhaps too, while diſplaying the ſplendour of his genius in his oratorial powers, he may alſo exhibit the exquiſiteneſs of his taſte in the bril-

liant

liant which plays from his finger, or the cravat which he adjusts while enforcing delivery by the graces of action: though he reads much, he does not read all. Anxious expectants press for a perusal of his omissions. One old gentleman, after ogling the ladies, is impelled by sad recollection, to examine the generous offers of those worthy and philanthropic persons, who undertake to brace the relaxed nerves, renovate age, and invigorate debility. A smart youth, in boots and buckskin breeches, seeking moral perfection, reads its description, in an account of a bald filly, *free from vice.* A young lady, pale and pensive, earnestly searches for a consolatory address to those who dread *the consequences of an unguarded moment.*

The text being finished, next comes the comment. While committees are formed to discuss the merits of a ball,

or a gala, celebrated by the diſpenſers of news, to criticiſe the poetry of a ſong, copied from a new play, or rather to read and repeat the criticiſms already given, to fill up the blanks in a newly publiſhed intimation of crim. con. to gueſs who and who are together, with digreſſive annotations concerning thoſe who probably have been together; ſome grave doctor contemning the announced virtues of horſes, or vices of wives, undertakes to expound the politics of the day; being unanimouſly appointed by himſelf, to inform and inſtruct the company. In a voice loud, ſolemn, and authoritative, as when arrayed in his canonicals, he pronounces the peremptory creed of Saint Athanaſius, he ſays; "Let me tell you, the ruin of this country is diſregard for authority; there is a reſtleſs ſpirit in the people to think for themſelves, without duly venerating

their

their priefts; the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them: all the diftrefs of Europe arifes from the multitude pretending to inquire and reafon on fubjects beyond their capacity: I have little hope of the happy reftoration of the crown and mitre, to that fplendour and power which are juftly due to them, until the multitude fhall be re-taught a becoming reverence for their fpiritual fuperiors." After this exordium (intended to over-awe his hearers into an humble fubmiffion to whatever pofitions he may be pleafed to advance), the felf-created preceptor proceeds to unfold to us the various fecrets of the London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Peterfburgh cabinets; the views and intentions of the belligerent powers; and expounds to us the ftate of the whole political hemifphere.

But

By half-paſt eleven, the affairs of Europe being ſettled, the drum and trumpet ſummon us from the diurnal exerciſe of the politician, to the diurnal exerciſe of the ſoldier. From the Steyne we walk up to the parade, and in the now well-known ſounds of "Handle arms, eaſe arms;" our own pariſh, and our own corps, is recalled to our minds. From this ſweet recollection of our own warlike progreſs and achievements, returning to contemplate the exhibitions before us, we admire the readineſs, ability, and ſkill with which the ſoldiers perform their evolutions. Not a few of us conclude, that the military inſtructor who teaches them to handle arms, knows his buſineſs better than the political inſtructor in the library, who profeſſes to handle the counſels of ſtateſmen.

Returning to the Steyne, inſtead of the ſpectacles, we have now time and opportunity to obſerve its late ſpectators. A more lovely groupe is rarely to be ſeen; moſt charming women, with complexions freſhened by healthy air and exerciſe, their nerves braced by that element, from which ſprang the fair deity whom many of them equal in attractive beauty; their thoughts freefrom the anxious cares of the evening, when the momentous dice are to agitate the heart of eager expectants of a toy. Their breaſts and their eyes are animated by the ſound of martial muſic, and the ſight of martial men; while they themſelves, like Venus, not only poſſeſſing but diſplaying charms, nearly approach to that ſtate in which ſtatuaries exhibit the bewitching divinity: with charms ſo tranſparent, who does not wiſh for a nearer approach? the ſoft complacency of their lovely counte-

nances, affords to ſprightly youth the reaſonable hope, that they do not produce dainties like the banquet that drew the eyes of the hapleſs Tantalus, deſtined only for his ſight, but withheld from his other ſenſes. The Brighton fair come not to inflict *ſuch* torments of the damned.

From the Steyne we walk along the beach, or perhaps croſſing the Downs, view the tomb-ſtones: here we learn that Charles the Second, of amorous memory, choſe, when eſcaping from the uſurper, as the laſt Engliſh ſtage of his flight, a place deſtined in future ages, as a teſtimony of honour for his memory, to imitate the example of morals which he ſet his ſubjects. Mingling incidental with appropriate hiſtory, we call to mind exploits not unworthy of Charles himſelf: recapitulate the feats of the Taylor of Brighton; and, perhaps, inquire whether, though reſiding

in England, he was not a native of Ireland. Defcending, we are received by the hair-dreffer, whofe narratives call our attention from former to recent occurrences. From him we learn what fair lady has moft highly extolled and moft liberally rewarded the lovely JEM*; who had been the greateft gainers and lofers by dice, cards, and billiards; what new converts were made to methodifm, with the caufes and circumftances of their converfion; in what new inftances love inflamed religious zeal.

Dinner foon after making its appearance, introduces the praifes of Brighton foals and turbots, mixed with fevere cenfures againft the Brighton fifhmongers, who though not an hundred yards from the landing-place, where they purchafe their wares from the fifhermen, exact a profit of *cent. per cent.* from

* A bathing-man under the weft cliff, in great requeft among the fair.

the

the consumer. We now project schemes for repressing extortion by combination; but as the execution of such projects would require activity, and activity is no part of a Brighton visitor's purpose, we talk against extortioners, but suffer them to go on in the old way. Our eulogiums on the Down mutton are chequered by reproaches of the porter and ale, and followed by severe invectives against the Brighton wine; invectives very unpatriotic, because a native of our own country. Owing partly to the quality of that beverage, and partly to a restless disposition, often arising from idleness, we are very moderate as to quantity, and sit a very short time at table. While our ladies repair to their toilets to make dispositions for the evening campaign, we stroll towards the chalybeate wells, or, taking the opposite direction, proceed to the race-ground

and ſignal poſt. Returning, we find our fair friends arrayed to their minds. After tea, we accompany them to the place of deſtined reſort for finiſhing the amuſements of the day; perhaps to the theatre, where reſorting for amuſement, and not for criticiſm, we have a very good chance of being pleaſed. Contemplating the company, we find dreſs no more intended to cover than undreſs. We ſee the boxes quite a miniature of London, containing a number of people, the greater part of whom have met to converſe, to look at one another and themſelves, attending as little to the ſtage almoſt as if it were a pulpit, from which the preacher was inculcating moral virtue; unleſs there be a ſong, or a Harlequin, when the ſpectators are as attentive as if they had been liſtening to a methodiſtical hymn, or a methodiſtical preacher, fervently inculcating the pleaſures of ſpiritual love.

Perhaps

Perhaps the grove has been our choice, wherein the ſcenery of Vauxhall is happily imitated, and alſo ſome of the amuſements. Here, too, for thoſe who prefer retirement to company, there are *dark walks*. On choſen evenings of ſupreme felicity, there are balls; which, preſenting beaux and belles dreſſed at each other, dancing at each other, talking and ſimpering at each other, ogling at each other, ſqueezing at each other, and making aſſignations with each other, we ſhall paſs over, as neither in the preſent operation, or future effects, containing any thing peculiar to Brighton, or which does not happen when ever beaux and belles join in ſo exhilarating a paſtime. Perhaps, indeed, the bracing air may increaſe their ſpirits and animation, and give more elaſticity to their movements.

But on common evenings dedicated to neither of the recreations which we

have juſt mentioned, we accompany our fair party to the grand faſhionable rendezvous on the Steyne. After promenading on this delighful ſpot, hearing important and intereſting remarks on this one's dreſs, and that one's face, and t'other one's ancles, and liſtening to the muſic, firſt of the librarian's concert, and afterwards of a ſolo from a blind fidler, we adjourn to the library. There the morning papers, now arrived from London, afford Mr. Spout another opportunity of diſplaying his elocution; and Dr. Fatgooſe his political wiſdom: but both now attract not the attention which their morning efforts excited. The indolent indifference of early hours now give place to the anxious cares of the night. Now the librarian is conſidering the chances of the dice, preparing for the principal buſineſs of a Brighton trader; in ſhort, he is collect-

ing his troops, and making his dispositions for commencing the gaming, encouraged not merely by the probable hope, but the undoubted certainty that whoever may be entitled to the victory, he himself shall obtain the spoils. As the general principle of gambling is to acquire our neighbour's property without giving him an equivalent, raffling, as practised at the watering places, especially at Brighton, is dexterously calculated for picking the pockets of visitors, in order to fill the pockets of the inhabitants; and, indeed, is to Brighton shopkeepers a greater source of revenue than any other craft which they exercise, with all the benefit of monopoly and extortion. The raffle-holder gains without any risk: his profits are always twofold, and by a little additional dexterity of fraud, may be threefold. In the first place, the article

to be diſpoſed of is a toy, which if ſold in the ſhop, (or called for gentility's ſake the library,) would at the retail price fetch about double prime coſt. But the ſubſcription for the raffle is, in the ſecond place, at leaſt double the retail amount: this is the ſecond profit. Thirdly, by the preſcribed œconomy of Brighton raffles, the ſubſcribers do not all throw together, but at different times, as they happen to be preſent. By adding a fictitious name, a librarian can eaſily pretend that the name in queſtion has thrown the winning number. Thus, for inſtance, if a netting-box coſt the raffle-holder one guinea, if ſold according to the rate of Brighton profits, it might fetch no more than two guineas, but by raffle it will produce four; ſo that if the real winner ſhould be too ſharp for the fictitious name to come in, the holder has, at the worſt,

three

three guineas of clear profit, befides the daily and almoft hourly return of his money. Every fubfcription for one fhilling adds fix-pence certain to the gambling branch of the librarian's revenue, befides three-pence more to the mercantile part, in the exorbitant profits on the difpofal of his goods. In the beft frequented raffle-rooms, 10*l.* a-day are fubfcribed, affording to the owner, befides his profit on his ftock, 30*l.* a week for gambling without rifk.

Raffling occupies the chief concern of the evening till about nine o'clock, when the various parties move either homewards, or to fome appointment or affignation, according to their fituation and difpofitions.

Such was the fubftance of Hamilton's account of the general ftate and manners of Brighton: we fhall now proceed to the

particularly

particular incidents and occurrences which regarded him or his party.

The Hamiltons found a commodious houſe at Ruſſel-place, commanding a very extenſive proſpect, that comprehended Anchorfield, the cottage that now held Maria Mortimer. Having ſpent the morning after his arrival in ſurveying the place, Hamilton rode over to the ſeat of Captain Mortimer, who was prepoſſeſſed in his favour by the accounts of his brother and nephew, and inſiſted on his ſtaying to dinner; an invitation which he moſt readily accepted. In the courſe of their converſation, his hoſt ſaid, he recollected that when he was midſhipman aboard the Lion man of war, in 1759, there was a land-officer of his name, a very brave and handſome fellow, who, with a party of ſoldiers, was aboard their ſhip; and that the night propoſed for

 aſcend-

afcending the heights of Abraham, he had charge of a boat, in which Hamilton was the firft man that jumped afhore, and went up the precipice with Colonel Howe. I am told," he added, "he very much diftinguifhed himfelf. I afterwards faw him once or twice, but never have heard of him fince the peace." Hamilton, pleafed with thefe praifes, informed him, that the Hamilton in queftion was his father. "By George, now I recollect it, you are extremely like one another, and a fine youth he was: I remember that after the town was taken, as he walked through the ftreets, the French girls ufed to admire him fo. I can tell you a comical ftory upon that fubject:"—but the entrance of a vifitor interrupted the projected narrative. Hamilton, in the courfe of the day, made great progrefs in the good graces of the old naval hero. At the inftance

of

of William, ſtrongly ſeconded by the younger Mortimer, and not oppoſed by Maria, the Captain agreed to ſpend a fortnight at Brighton, and the next day a houſe was found in the vicinity of Mr. Hamilton.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

CHAPTER XI.

In the evening, the party repaired to the Steyne, which they found almoſt covered with company, met to enjoy the cool ſea-breeze, by the clear rays of a harveſt moon, to diſplay themſelves, criticiſe others, and various purpoſes, according to their age, condition, circumſtances, or inclination. Here were lords and baronets, ſquires and merchants, ſoldiers and ſailors, phyſicians and counſellors, and dignitaries; here were apothecaries, attorneys, and curates; here were tradeſmen and mechanics, and ſhopmen and journeymen; all with their reſpective fair, from the duke to the barber, the ducheſs to the ſempſtreſs, all on a footing of equality, under

under the general denomination of gentlemen and ladies. Here if a faſtidious grandee might feel indignant at being elbowed or joſtled by a ſhoemaker or taylor, the liberal and enlightened patriot would rejoice in the conſideration, that theſe were all effects of a free and equitable conſtitution, which aſſures to the induſtrious and ſkilful the fruits of their labour, enables them to compenſate the toils of their arduous exertions by occaſional relaxation, and braces their bodies and invigorates their minds for future efforts beneficial to themſelves and the public. But a grandee is not the perſon moſt likely to feel or expreſs diſpleaſure at this temporary intermixture of ranks; thoſe are often the apteſt to ſtand upon points of precedence and dignity, who really have none to ſupport. An earl may with ſafety venture to walk from the Pavillion to Fiſher's

with his taylor, without any apprehen-ſion of being ſuppoſed the equal of that taylor; but if a retired ſoap-boiler or oilman were to allow Mr. Snip the ſame liberty, the caſe would be very different; they might be preſumed to be companions of the ſaid taylor; which would derogate from their ſuppoſed dignity, and would be more heinouſly offenſive to their reſpective wives. Jea-louſy is moſt commonly the reſult of conſcious deficiency; thence thoſe are the moſt apprehenſive of contamination from perſons whom they regard as *low*, who are really in their ſituation or ſenti-ments the moſt low themſelves. This was the view in which the Hamiltons, Wentbridges, and Mortimers, regarded the preſent amalgamation. They be-held honeſt vulgarity of manners as an object of ſportive humour, when mingled with affectation, but reſerved contempt

for

for meanneſs of conduct. Having enjoyed themſelves for an hour in this promenade, they retired into the library, where, after having reconnoitred their fellow-viſitors, and recollected various faces they had ſeen on the Steyne, Mrs. Hamilton was joined by two ladies, whom ſhe recognized as neighbours, with whom ſhe had a ſlight acquaintance. Theſe were Mrs. Pompous, who had formerly kept a boarding-ſchool near Mile-End, and her daughter, miſs, now an unwilling votary of the goddeſs Diana, and who had received, unaſked, the boon prayed for by Daphne, and would not, like that famed nymph, have fled, even if the ſuitor had not been an Apollo. Mrs. Pompous had, after her retirement from tuition, betaken herſelf to Southampton Buildings, that ſhe might be near her brother, a topping hoſier by the top of Shoe Lane. Theſe

ladies declared themſelves very much diſſatisfied with Brighton, becauſe there was ſo many *low* people there. "Them," obſerved the veteran teacher, "are kind of creatures that one wiſhes to *purtect* or *ſarve*, but not to meet cheeck by jowl, when one comes to elegant ſociety. Wilhelmina and I were quite aſheamed juſt now to meet Miſs Furbelow, the mantuamaker, who, though ſhe knows our condition in life, had the folly to come up and ſpeak to us as frankly and freely as if ſhe had been our own equals." "I do not think, mamma," ſaid miſs, "that it was intentional preſumption in the girl, but rather the thoughtleſs ignorance of what is due to the diverſity of ranks in ſocial life. You will obſerve, Mrs. Hamilton," continued miſs in the true imperative tone of preceptorial habit, "that there are different orders, ſituations, and profeſſions in

every

every well conſtituted ſociety." "A very juſt obſervation," ſaid our hero. Thus encouraged, ſhe went on: "Now, I do think, that ſuch diverſity of condition ſhould be attended to, either at private parties, or at public places; for inſtance, it might happen that Miſs Furbelow, (proceeded Miſs Pompous,) and any of us might meet in a party, one would behave civilly, and even with affability and condeſcenſion to ſuch a perſon; but then, ſhe ought to know her diſtance." Here Captain Mortimer inquired how this Miſs Furbelow conducted herſelf in company? The anſwer came from Mrs. Hamilton, "Very properly and genteelly." "Is ſhe the ſervant or dependent of the perſons with whom ſhe happens to aſſociate?" "Neither." "Then I cannot ſee," ſaid the captain, "why ſhe is to receive affability or condeſcenſion from thoſe with whom ſhe is on a footing of

perfect equality." Miſs, accuſtomed to have her dictates received as oracular truths, was much diſpleaſed with this contradiction, and anſwered, with angry ſolemnity, "that theſe were antediluvian notions, fit for the time of Queen Beſs, not for the preſent." The captain aſſured her, "that with regard to Queen Beſs, as ſhe called her, ſhe was totally miſtaken, both in fact and hiſtory; that degradation of uſeful profeſſions befitted the remains of feudal ideas of thoſe times much better than the enlightened wiſdom of the preſent ages." Miſs retorted, "that he was totally wrong, and knew nothing of hiſtory when he talked ſo." The captain, though acute, intelligent, and liberal, had not that perfectly faſhionable poliſh which can completely command and diſguiſe paſſions: he anſwered the laſt obſervation contemptuouſly, but deſiſted from farther conteſt. A perſon

coming

coming up, heartily ſhook our hero by the hand, and expreſſed his joy at ſeeing him. This was a little man, ſeemingly about thirty, five feet and an inch in height, tolerably well proportioned, ſo as in perſon to be an abridged edition of a man, but with a countenance grave and ſolemn. Without relaxing the ſerious turn of his features, he ſaid to Hamilton, "I am ſo happy to meet you, we ſhall have ſuch food for remark and obſervation." "Ah! my friend Scribble," ſaid Hamilton, "I had no expectations of meeting you in this place; we ſhall have ſuch criticiſm and ſatire, now that you are here: but come, Dicky, go home and ſup with us, and give ſome account of yourſelf." He accordingly introduced him to his mother, and the other party in general, but more particularly to his friend John Mortimer. After they had reached their

houſe, taking John and Scribble into a back-parlour, he very gravely preſented Mortimer to Dicky; "This is Mr. Mortimer, a young friend of mine, of abilities and literature, that will be very happy to avail himſelf of an opportunity of being known to a gentleman of Mr. Scribble's immenſe, valuable, and diverſified ſtores. Scribble kindly anſwered, "he ſhould be extremely happy by his communications to benefit the gentleman. Are you, ſir, engaged in any work? becauſe, if you are, whatever the ſubject may be, I ſhall lay you down the rules of compoſition." Mortimer thanked him, but aſſured him, that, for the preſent, he had no ſuch production in contemplation. Being now ſummoned to ſupper, Mr. Scribble, conceiving it incumbent on him to be ſpokeſman of the company, opened upon ſea-bathing, and profeſſing a profound

knowledge of the animal ſyſtem, in a preaching tone, expatiated on its proceſs in the invigoration of the nerves. Coming from operation to reſult and effects, he very learnedly ſummed up the narratives and arguments of his harangue: "The ſalt-water contributes at once to purification, and to tenſion, and alſo to elaſticity; the votaries of bathing have in every movement a pleaſing bound, and an efficacious vigour. Every act of the animal œconomy in which they may be engaged is performed more completely and ſatisfactorily. All theſe I could illuſtrate to demonſtration, but a few may ſuffice." Mrs. Hamilton, not knowing what the nature of the elucidation might be, propoſed to ſuſpend the ſubject for the preſent, and a more general converſation was introduced, which laſted till the party ſeparated. Next morning Scribble, after

bathing,

bathing, met Hamilton on the weſt cliff; Mortimer ſoon after joining them, they took a walk along the cliff, when Hamilton praiſed the infinite treaſures of knowledge, human and divine, that Scribble poſſeſſed: "Come, now Dicky, aſtoniſh Mortimer here, by a frank account of your ſtudies." "A detail," replied Dick, "would be tedious; but ſince you inſiſt upon it, I will give you a ſhort ſketch of what I have read, or treated in publications, or, in ſhort, what I know." "What you know and can write upon," ſaid Hamilton; "to ſpeak generally and conciſely, every thing; nothing comes wrong to Dicky." "That is too much," ſaid Scribble, vouchſafing a ſmile; "but I certainly have conſidered and diſcuſſed a good many ſubjects; phyſics and metapyhſics, hiſtory and poetry, criticiſm and compilation, divinity and morality, legiſlation and political

political œconomy, the law of nature and of nations, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and finance, botany, chymiſtry, mineralogy, electricity, geology, geography, noſology, and medicine, have all exercifed my pen." Mortimer uttering interjections, expreſſing his admiration and ſurprize, Scribble, farther to tranſport his wonder, went on: "Though neither a phyſician, nor a ſurgeon, I am more deeply ſkilled in midwifery than any profeſſed practitioner of the obſtetric art. Though not called to the bar, I know better than Erſkine how counſellors ought to plead. Though no clergyman, I know how men of that profeſſion ought to preach." "Mr. Scribble's extraordinary merit," ſaid Hamilton, "is the cauſe of no leſs extraordinary envy. Nothing that he brings out has the reception which tranſcendent merit and abilities deſerve.

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The malignancy of critics abuſes his works, and the public moſt fooliſhly and unfortunately countenances all his detractors." "So they do," ſaid Scribble, "they are all in a confederacy againſt *me*." "The public," obſerved Hamilton, "has acted extremely ungratefully to my friend here. If you were to collect all that his indefatigable activity has written, you would find it more than the labours of ſome of our ancient divines. Nay, I really do not believe, that Saint Cyril himſelf wrote more againſt the Neſtorian hereſy, though he contributed ſeven folio volumes to orthodoxy, than Mr. Scribble's reſervoir of erudition has done to attack heretics in literature, who, as he obſerves, abound ſo much in the preſent day; and," continued our hero, "it is not on one ſubject, but on all that he writes; my friend here is not more meritorious for

his genius than his courage. There's no ſubject but Dicky will venture upon; I am convinced, if it were propoſed to him, he would undertake to make out the longitude, or to ſolve all the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt." "But for all this," ſaid Scribble, "I am ſubject to the groſſeſt defamation." "Do you know," ſaid Hamilton, "what the impudent fellows ſay of poor Scribble?" "I cannot conceive," replied Mortimer, "what is even poſſible to be ſaid againſt ſuch genius and erudition." "Oh! the invention of malice will ſay any thing." "Why, what do they ſay?" ſaid Dick, ſomewhat irritated. "Inſolent ſcoundrels," ſaid Hamilton; "Well, I will tell you, Scribble, that we may have a laugh at their folly." "Ay, do," ſaid the other. "Why, it was only t'other evening I called at the club, and the converſation turned upon

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the merits of my friend Dicky Scribble here : I ſaid nothing: but one ſaid, ' he's a ſpecial fellow; he's a good raker; he has induſtry; and has got together ſome ſcraps on a great variety of ſubjects: he is ſuperficial in all :' here, I thought it incumbent on me to take your part; ' I certainly (ſaid I) think Mr. Scribble a man of extraordinary genius.' Strongbrain was there; he looked in my face, and laughed. ' Hamilton, you do not think him a man of extraordinary genius.' Angry as I was at being ſo contradicted, I could not help laughing alſo." " Laughing," ſaid Scribble angrily; " you, as my friend, ſhould have knocked him down." " By the lord, I muſt have then knocked down all the meeting, for they all agreed with him." " Hamilton, you over-rate that Strongbrain; *I* think very little of him, *I* muſt ſay, you yourſelf require a good deal

of

of care to form your judgment. Now you think highly of Robertſon and Hume, and ſuch men as thoſe, you are quite led by prevailing opinion; that is always the way with men of no great reach of abilities; whereas men of real talents differ in their opinion from every body elſe." Hamilton not recollecting he was the aggreſſor, and that this remark was provoked by his ſatirical report, was ſo far irritated, as to proceed in humbling poor Scribble's arrogance. "Yes," ſaid our hero, "one inſtance of that kind of extraordinary genius is John Dennis, who, when all the world allowed praiſe to Addiſon and Pope, endeavoured to prove that neither of them poſſeſſed any genius. Zoilus too was another extraordinary perſonage, who endeavoured to prove that Homer was no poet." "All that," ſaid Scribble, "is mere common-place: I tell you, that

perſons

perſons now looked up to for literature and ability, are admired without reaſon, and I can ſurpaſs them all myſelf; and will ſurpaſs them all too." "Come, come," ſaid Hamilton, "dont be angry now, I was only telling you what I heard; but we ſhall not touch any more on *your genius and learning; it is a tender point:* I know your works excel moſt of the age; and I dare ſay, every body elſe thinks ſo too, only they ſay the contrary to vex you." Eaſily perſuaded, that others thought as highly of him as he did of himſelf, Scribble ſwallowed theſe declarations, and ſoon after departed to attend an appointment. "Who is this?" ſaid Mortimer. "Scribble," anſwered his friend, "is one of that numerous claſs who, without genius or philoſophy, ſet up in the trade of authorſhip. He is, however, much better qualified than many of the fraternity;

nity; he has received a claſſical education, is maſter of arts, has been bred to the Engliſh bar, but, finding he could get no employment, harangues againſt all the counſellors who receive briefs, eſpecially Erſkine, Gibbs, and Garrow; although he has not laid the foundation of erudition in either phyſical or moral ſciences, he has raked together a great quantity of detached and miſcellaneous facts, and as he has formed a decent, though ſtiff and pedantic ſtyle, he can write common-place obſervations on moſt ſubjects that occur; and while he confines himſelf to ſkimming the ſurface, he does well enough, and is very uſeful drudge in any periodical publication; *but that won't ſerve the fellow, he muſt write books forſooth.* His parts are middling, but *his head has got a wrong twiſt, common ſenſe preſides not in his brain.* Dicky would *ſhine!* To a man

that ſeeks literary diſtinctions, without great powers and acquirements, an obvious tract is *ſingularity*. Scribble is a great controverter of eſtabliſhed opinions: He does not gainſay them by any ingenuity of hypotheſis, but by ſimple contradiction. He is alſo a great exclaimer againſt eſtabliſhed, or riſing characters, eſpecially in literature; that ſprings, partly from envy, but chiefly from vanity and ſelf-conceit, or rather from an envy proceeding from vanity and ſelf-conceit." "What kind of books does he write?" ſaid Mr. Mortimer, "I never heard of his name."— "He is not eminent, but ſtill he is noted."—"But his books," rejoined Mr. Mortimer, "what are they? ſciſſars and paſte, I ſuppoſe."—No; that they ought to be: ſciſſars and paſte is the reſource of book-manufacturers, without invention or wiſdom; but

Scribble tries originals, and often ſpends more time and pains in ſpeaking, (for he is a great coffee-houſe declaimer,) or in writing paradoxical nonſenſe, than might by compilation furniſh a good-looking fair book for his worthy friend Billy Nincompoop." "Who the devil is Billy Nincompoop?"—"An undertaker-general in the book-manufactory line. I ſhall give you ſome account of him another time: all I can now ſay is, that he has more journeymen at work than any maſter-manufacturer either at Birmingham or Mancheſter, and a great deal of work they do, and often very dirty work it is. Billy keeps a very ſooty forge."

The youths now returned to breakfaſt; ſoon after they accompanied the ladies to the Steyne, and the ſun being very warm, they retired into the library, where they found a tall corpulent divine, with his bib and apron, and

and a large buſhy wig, expounding the operations of the Auſtrians upon the Danube, and deſcribing, as well as he could, the ſiege of Belgrade; the Emperor Joſeph, he inſtructed the company, was a profound politician, and a conſummate general: he was alſo, he firmly believed, a zealous friend to the proteſtant religion; witneſs his efforts for ſuppreſſing monaſteries, and other repoſitories of popery.—Captain Mortimer ſaid, " he could not perceive much of his wiſdom there; his innovations were raſh and precipitate, and appeared to be more for the ſake of plunder than converſion; that the effect was revolt among his moſt induſtrious and flouriſhing ſubjects." " They are inſolent and audacious," repeated the dignitary, in a pompous and ſonorous tone, which with many ſerved to fill up the chaſm of argument; " ſubjects ought

not

not to queſtion the will of their rulers. A prince is reſponſible for his conduct only to that being from whom he derives his power." "Pretty doctrine that in a free country," (ſaid the captain, ſomewhat iritated by the dictatorial manner of the ſelf-ſufficient prieſt,) "God forbid it ſhould ever prevail in Britain. But Britain out of the queſtion, it is totally erroneous in its application to the people of the Netherlands, whoſe firſt executive magiſtrate, Joſeph, was on ſpecified terms. Joſeph has broken the conditions, therefore his ſubjects have a right to be off the bargain." "That is an irreverend and ſeditious way of ſpeaking." "Irreverend and ſeditious," ſaid the captain, "who are you that dare uſe ſuch language to a gentleman, merely becauſe he won't take your ſolemn ſounding nonſenſe, for ſenſe and argument." Hamilton ſeeing the choler of his naval

 friend,

friend, found means, by sliding into the conversation, to soften matters; and though no friend to public argumentation, yet, desirous of gratifying Maria's uncle, he took a comprehensive survey of the conduct of Joseph, proved him to be the mere creature of imitation, who totally misunderstood his models: that to follow Frederick in the fashion of the times, he was an infidel; but contrary to the wise caution of his Prussian neighbour, manifested his infidelity in practical policy, and wished to destroy ecclesiastical establishments, the best preservers of civil and social order. In his present war with Turkey, he was the mere tool of Catherine, and was exhausting the resources of his country, to promote projects totally useless to his own dominions, and merely instrumental to the ambition of the Empress. But if the war had been wise in its origin, it was

was feeble and inefficient in its execution. "In ſhort," ſaid Hamilton, "in the internal adminiſtration that drove ſubjects to revolt, and in the external policy that engaged without provocation in a war to aggrandize another, I ſhould think there are ſtrong objections to Joſeph as a conſummate politician; and in the military conduct of four diſciplined armies, repulſed by an undiſciplined militia of barbarians that were enabled to invade and lay waſte their fertile provinces, and alarm their capital, there are objections to the character of Joſeph as a conſummate general. But theſe, I dare ſay, the knowledge and ratiocinative powers of the reverend gentleman will, no doubt, ſatisfactorily ſolve." The doctor, who both in the pulpit and out of it, had been accuſtomed to preach, but not to hear or to reaſon, did not think proper to reply to

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this anſwer, but ſtrutted out of the library. Not ſo Dicky Scribble, who had ſome time befor joined the party, and eagerly liſtened in hopes of an argument which might diſplay his logic and his eloquence, and co-operate with a paragraph that was to appear in a London morning paper that would reach Brighton that evening, announcing among the arrivals Richard Scribble, Eſq. the celebrated author. With theſe views and expectations he accoſted our hero. "Mr. Hamilton, hem, I have heard with great pleaſure, hem, your very ingenious argument, and I am not ſurpriſed that your eloquence overwhelmed an ordinary hearer, hem, but beſtowing every praiſe on the brilliancy of your remarks, you will give me leave to queſtion their logical force, hem. I will undertake to prove that the Emperor Joſeph is a very wiſe man, hem." "I

know

know you will, my good friend, *undertake* to prove that or any thing elſe, but reſpite your wiſdom and erudition for the preſent, we are going to the parade. You that are a man of taſte and refinement are friendly to gallantry and a polite attention to the ladies. "Undoubtedly," ſaid Scribble, and to give a practical proof of his elegant addreſs, on which he very much plumed himſelf, he made his beſt bow to Miſs Mortimer, begged he might have the honour of her company, and while ſhe was humming the South Downs, in uniſon with the band, he entertained her, or at leaſt himſelf, with a diſſertation on the different modes in which different nations, in ancient and modern times, treated women. Captain Mortimer at this time was praiſing and thanking our hero for his powerful aſſiſtance againſt the parſon; but however he ſaid, "it was not dif-

ficult, it was a firſt rate, full rigged, againſt a hulk; but this little cock-boat, Dicky, as you call him, to be ſure he makes a great noiſe, but it is like the guns on a rejoicing day, all powder and no ball." Having contemplated the military evolutions, after the corps were diſmiſſed, they were joined by an officer with whom John Mortimer was acquainted. This gentleman was preſently accoſted by one of the ſoldiers of the light infantry corps, who requeſted leave of abſence from the evening parade. His commander queſtioned him about his buſineſs, not approving of the excurſions of ſoldiers in the duſk; but to the ſurpriſe of himſelf and the reſt of his company, was anſwered that his engagement was *to preach the goſpel.* The captain at the interceſſion of the party, permitted the deſired abſence for a paſtime not very uſual among ſoldiers.

Mr. Scribble would have opened an argument to prove that ſuch preachers might do more harm than good, but found no one diſpoſed either to refute his reaſonings, or liſten to his wiſdom.. The party being engaged to dine with the Mortimers, Mr. Scribble was aſked. The fiſh conſiſted of turbot and ſoals. Here Dicky had, or at leaſt took, an opportunity of holding forth upon ichthyology, which learned term, he in deference to the ladies, explained, and endeavoured to account for the ſcarcity of cod, haddocks, &c. on the coaſt of Suſſex. He informed the company that he thought very little of Buffon's Natural Hiſtory, and that he had thoughts of writing on the ſubject himſelf, to detect and expoſe the other, and to remedy his defects. "It is a pleaſing and inſtructive ſubject, but has never been hitherto properly treated, that is one of the

 deſiderata:

desiderata in literature, which I am afraid it will be reserved for myself to fill." "There are so many chasms," said Hamilton, "which your benevolence proposes to supply, that I am apprehensive you will hardly be able to bear the laborious task." "Oh! I have a very strong mind. One work much wanting is a history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. You, sir," appealing to Dr. Wentbridge, "will admit that Gibbon's religion is not of the best." "Most readily," replied the doctor. "In his views and arrangement," rejoined Dicky "I will demonstrate that he is extremely defective, that he is narrow, uncomprehensive, and confused." "The eviction of such a proposition, would convey a new truth to my mind," said the doctor; "but so important a subject requires a written treatise" "That I intend." "Have you written any thing historical, sir?" "O, yes, from

from authentic records and documents that I found in an old cheſt near Glaſton-bury-abbey, I compoſed in ſeven volumes, quarto, a true, and impartial, hiſtory of Jack the Giant-killer, including cotemporary heroes. I have the ſatisfaction to ſay before this good company, that more profound views of human nature are no where to be found. but envy, that corroſive paſſion, blaſted the tree at its birth, elſe it would have been a goodly child, which in its mature vigour, would have reflected honour on its happy and delighted parent. How do you like my figure?" "Very much," ſaid Hamilton, "it is very fine, and for mixture, Burke himſelf mixes." "Perhaps you mean that as a compliment, my good friend," ſaid Scribble, who during dinner had drank wine with every individual in the company, and afterwards had not been ſparing

ing, "but I do not think very highly of him. On any ſubject that he has undertaken, I will undertake to write better. Name the ſubject, it is all one to Scribble. I have in agitation a new theory on the ſublime and beautiful, which will aſtoniſh the world. Longinus, Addiſon, Burke, Gerrard, Hutchinſon, Hogarth, pſha, they do very well to paſs on ſuperficial people, but I believe I muſt take the ſubject in hand myſelf." "How do you like the eloquence of Mr. Fox," ſaid Dr. Wentbridge? "Why, tolerably well his ſpeaking, eloquence you cannot call it. Fox is a good ſenſible man enough, but no orator." "What is an orator," ſaid Dr. Wentbridge? "What is an orator," replied our ſage, "aſk your nephew there. Hamilton, you remember my ſpeech at the forum." Mr. Pitt being now propoſed as a toaſt, Scribble having firſt filled and drunk a

bumper,

bumper, half ſhut his eyes, curled up his noſe, looked contemptuous and great. "I think nothing of Pitt's ability, a ſuperficial young man. If I had been prime miniſter, now you would have ſeen the country in a very different ſituation; men of letters and wiſdom ſhould have been the ſole governors. I ſhould not have employed a copying clerk in an office, unleſs he could ſpeak Greek; moreover, unleſs he was converſant in metaphyſical, phyſical, and moral erudition and ſcience. Not a letter ſhould have been written of which a Cicero could be aſhamed. The epiſtles upon plain buſineſs ſhould have been attuned to Cicero in harmony, and ſwelled to Cicero in magnificence. How do you like my phraſeology, is it not worthy of the ſubject?" "Highly," ſaid the doctor, "but as to the matter of fact, Cicero's letters upon buſineſs have nei-

ther the tone, nor the ſwell that you mention, they are clear and plain narratives, with appoſite obſervations, and ſtrong reaſoning, expreſſed in language ſimple and energetic, but totally unadorned." "I know," ſaid Scribble, rather ſhortly, "what Cicero's letters are." Wentbridge not deigning to enter into a conteſt with this gentleman, the ſubject dropped. Beſides himſelf, Mr. Scribble had one admirer in the company, this was Mr. Roger O'Rourke, who regarded him as a phenomenon of wiſdom and learning, pledged his bumpers, and as they adjourned to tea, took occaſion to pay him a compliment, and aſk his advice. "By Jaſus, Mr. Scribble, you are the clevereſt fellow I ever ſee in my life, unleſs it was Counſellor Magpie at Dundalk aſſizes, when I was tried for horſe —— I *mane* when I was a witneſs for horſe-ſtealing; but he did bother

them

them all ſo, by Jaſus he got it all his own way, and proved an allby, and that made us all ſnug: I *mane* made the priſoners ſnug. I after that took to the dancing line, and then to the Goſpel; but my father-in-law, and my friend Mr. Hamilton here would have me give up the preaching, becauſe it led me to bad courſes, and to be ſure, to confeſs the truth honeſtly, a methodiſt preacher has ſuch temptations among the dear cratures, that fleſh and blood cannot ſtand it. The ſaints are ſo warm and ſo loving, then there are ſo bewitching opportunities; there is the love feaſt, the holy kiſs, and the ſpiritual communion in the dark; the evening meetings in the *conventickles*, and *tickle* they do ſure enough. Even an Engliſhman with all his prudence, or a Scotchman with all his gravity, but much more, a poor boy from Ireland muſt give way. For when man and woman meet alone,

Mr.

Mr. Scribble, they are dangerous kind of combuſtibles: and then there is that faith without works gives ſuch encouragement. Its all as one as if I was to live as I pleaſed at an ale-houſe, and tell the landlord I believe you to be a very good ſort of a man. He, every time I ran up a ſcore, would take a wet cloth and waſh the chalk. By Jaſus he would not want cuſtomers. Now, ſir, as you appear to be a man of great ſenſe, I wiſh to conſult you on a point of conſcience and *ſacrecy*. You ſee, ſir, to confeſs the truth, my wife, the large fat lady with the red hair, that *ſet* oppoſite to you, is none of the handſomeſt, and beſides, as Louis XV. Emperor of Germany obſerved, *toger perde* *, which it ſeems in their language is, *too much of one thing is enough*. What with the bathing and ſea air, and the bracing and one thing or another, and looking at the ſweet crea-

* Meaning, perhaps, *toujours perdrix*.

tures

tures in the face, I have a great mind to take to the methodiſm again. I am ſure I could be more *populous* than that light infantry man. If you would ſpeak a good word for me to young Mr. Hamilton, for he rules the roaſt with the old boy, juſt to let me have a ſmall excurſion while they ſtay at Brighton, I ſhall, as in duty bound, both in my ſermons and out of them, praiſe your works." Scribble having further converſation in the courſe of the evening with Mr. O'Rourke, concluded that with ſome training in orthography and grammar, he might be improved into a ſpiritual writer, for his friend Billy Nincompoop, who it ſeems would ſoon want a freſh hand in the divinity branch of the manufacture; and promiſed to take an early opportunity of further converſing with Mr. O'Rourke. They now adjourned to the meeting of the military ſaint, who borrowed the

quaker rendezvous for that night. This preacher was deemed the beſt ſinger of martial ſongs in the whole regiment; upon the faith of that perfection he acted alſo as precentor. He got very well through the performance, bating that he once fell into the tune of "The top ſail ſhivers in the wind," and in endeavouring to get out of it, he got hold of "The black joke." He however ſucceeded in pitching his voice for the next ſtave by humming the ſerious and melancholy ditty, "There came a ghoſt to Margaret's door," and got at laſt into a proper ſtrain of pſalmody. The diſcourſe had nothing particular in it to diſtinguiſh it from any other methodiſt ſermon, conſiſting merely of cant, myſticiſm, ſoft love imagery, melodious inanity, chequered with the terrible pictures of the puniſhment of unbelievers, when in poſſeſſion of the devil. The ſermon included

a very particular detail of roaſting in hell-fire, which, next to the amorous parts, gave the higheſt ſatisfaction to the devotees. Towards the end of his diſcourſe, he took occaſion to compare Brighton to Sodom and Gomorrah, and exhorted them ſpeedily to depart from ſuch a ſcene of wickedneſs: he ſhould lead them to the right way. The drum-major, who happened to be preſent, hearing this declaration, took it into his head that the preacher intended to deſert, ſeized him as he was deſcending from a bench; but finding on examination that the orator had only been ſpeaking by types and ſimilitude, he ſuffered him to depart in peace. From the chapel, Mr. Scribble prevailed on the company, though it was late, to look in at the library, haſtily proceeded to the reading table, and taking up the Humbug, call out, "How ſhameful it is in thoſe news-writers, that

a man

a man of any eminence cannot move from one place to another, but they muſt make it public." "What is the matter, Richard," ſaid Hamilton. "Read that paragraph." We learn from Brighton that the celebrated Richard Scribble, Eſq. delights and aſtoniſhes the frequenters of the rooms and libraries by the brilliancy of his wit, and the depth of his erudition. "It is aſtoniſhing how the Humbug could know that already," ſaid Hamilton, "laſt night was your firſt in the library, and however witty and wiſe you might appear, I cannot account for your fame reaching London in time for the morning preſs, but by enchantment." Soon after the company parted for the evening.

The next day, a water excurſion was propoſed for Shoreham. On their way, their pilot poured out his maledictions againſt Mr. Pitt, for having ſo completely

pletely ſuppreſſed ſmuggling, that as the waterman phraſed it, there was now no opportunity for *honeſt* induſtry. Having arrived at this ancient borough, and viewed the rope-works and other curioſities, the converſation turned from the commercial ſtate, to the political hiſtory of this noted repoſitory of electors. Some of the company animadverting ſeverely on the groſs corruption of 1768, Mr. Scribble undertook to prove that corruption was neceſſary to the exiſtence of executive government; but, he was interrupted in his diſſertation, by notice from the watermen, that they muſt immediately return, or that they would loſe the tide: they accordingly returned to Brighton. That Evening they ſpent at the Promenade-Grove, where there was a great deal of company, and moſt fortunately, our hero's party was joined by Mr. Chatter, the apothecary, intel-

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ligencer general of the place. Several ladies entered the room, one of whom was ſtrikingly beautiful in her face; of a moſt expreſſive countenance; of a fine ſtature, and exquiſite form; Hamilton being at ſome diſtance, his ſiſter aſked Mr. Chatter who that was? "The wife of a valiant ſoldier, pretty miſs, who aſſiſted Wolfe at Quebec; forced the city to ſurrender; became a viſcount on the death of his father; a famous hand for wit and humour; was lord-lieutenant of Ireland; great favourite with the whole nation; did not call for coffee too ſoon after dinner; eldeſt ſon became an earl while he was viſcount;—ſaid a good thing upon that. His ſon regretting that he had a higher title than his father. I don't care, George, which title you have, ſo long as you don't get hold of mine; but the viſcount is lately made a marquis. She is a charming woman—

the

the marchioneſs," ſaid Miſs Hamilton; "ſhe is an excellent wife, mother, and miſtreſs of a family, pretty miſs, a pattern to her rank and ſex. If all were to take example by her, Doctors' Commons would ſtarve; but I do not ſuppoſe you know any thing of them ſort of things yet, miſs." Miſs Mortimer now obſerved a lady of a fine ſhape, with a moſt faſcinating countenance, and applying to Mr. Chatter, this communicative perſon very readily gave her information, prefaced with a hem, and the hem accompanied with a ſhrug of the ſhoulders, "that's a lady of quality too, very different from the marchioneſs; ſhe is the counteſs of a Cockatrice, evil tongues don't ſtick to ſay;——but my lord is a good, eaſy man, not at all exceptious, and if he is pleaſed, nobody elſe has a right to be diſpleaſed. She has daughters grown up and married,—that is one

 of

of them a little behind that lady with the rolling eye; ſhe ſeems already to have a good modeſt aſſurance of her own too. O Lord, there is little Tommy Titmouſe, the famous coachman." "Poor Titmouſe," ſaid Hamilton, "he is a good-natured little creature, and encourages the breed of horſes; therefore, he is not ſo totally uſeleſs as one is apt to think." "Obſerve," ſaid Mortimer, "that tall military figure; that is a nobleman, who unites the hero, the ſcholar, the ſtateſman, the philanthrophiſt, and the finiſhed gentleman,—ſuch as Engliſh nobility ought to be. That alſo is a lord, who is ſpeaking to him." "What, he with the ſtrong, black, buſhy eyebrows?" ſaid Miſs Mortimer. "That," ſaid Hamilton, "is a man of as powerful a maſculine underſtanding, as moſt that have ever ſitten in the houſe of peers, or occupied the higheſt offices in the ſtate."

ſtate." There now entered a ſlim, middle-ſized gentleman-like man: evidently an old beau, wiſhing to appear young, who was immediately accoſted by the faſcinating counteſs above-mentioned, "and is Great Bayleaf come to enliven Brighton with his gaiety and gallantry." His lordſhip, with the faſhionable inattention of the manners of the time, made no direct anſwer; but, looking through a ſpyglaſs at Miſs Mortimer;—"fine girl that, Cockatrice, is ſhe one of us?" "Of us, no; one of the canaille I ſuppoſe; a fine fellow that; that ſquires her though; "well enough for a trooper," ſaid the peer; "but perhaps, ſuch are to your ladyſhip's taſte;" "and perhaps ſuch girls may be to yours; but, take my word for it, ſuch a youth would be much more to their's." "I admit the competency of your ladyſhip, to deliver judgment on the caſe, and ſuſtain your verdict;

verdict; he ſhall be a fine fellow, ſince you will have it ſo. But, who are all here? Who of us." "Of you, *Peers of England—pillars of the State:* there is, as you ſee there, the lord chancellor, and the lord chief juſtice Norland, to engage with your ladyſhip on conſtitutional law, and ſtate politics. Lord Carolina to engage you on warfare and literature.—I ſaw two or three of the biſhops here too; they will afford an opportunity of opening your ſtores on divinity." "Aye, aye," ſaid Bayleaf, "what you ſay of learning and divinity reminds me of a piece of news I juſt heard. I find my Lord Cockatrice is turning author;" "What is he about to write?" "A commentary on the patience of Job." "Well," ſaid Bayleaf, your friend George Bonmots, who has been your partner in other concerns, ſeems to be letting you into a partnery of his wit; but,

but, I much queſtion whether your capital be ſufficient." "But your ladyſhip has not yet anſwered my queſtion:— Who of our friends are at Brighton?" "Oh! abundance; there is my Lord Spindle, Viſcount Ogle, Sir Billy Butterfly, Tommy Titmouſe, the Lady Leerwell, the Dowager Dimple, the Counteſs of Cockdie, Lady Frances Faro, Sir John Jockey, and an old friend of your houſe, his new-married lady, and various others, whom I have not time now to recount." During this dialogue, a plump, ſturdy, roſy-cheeked perſon made up to Mr. Chatter, who received him with much heartineſs. "Ah, my good friend, Kit Cotton, who thought of ſeeing you at Brighton?" "Being now leſs off buſineſs, and a gemman, I have come down a bit to ſee your doings." "So you have left off buſineſs."

"Yes; I have retired into the country now, for the benefit of air and exercife. I bought a nice houfe by Kingfland turnpike, near the brickfield, within fight of the great cow-keeper's yard. Charming profpect I have on the one fide to Ballfpond and Hoxton; on another, to Hackney fields, all the way over to the Cat and Shoulder of Mutton. We are juft upon the road, and there is a power of coaches that paffes us every day; fo it is very pleafant to fit at the window and count them. I know to a minute when every ftage coach fhould pafs, for I was always pretty cute, and *obfarves* what is going forewood." "But why are you in mourning; no family misfortune I hope?" "Oh yes, our Deborah have left me a widower; but, as the parfon fays, the will of Providence muft be done. Daughter Peg now keeps houfe.

It

It was ſhe that made me come down here, for, ſays ſhe, father, now you be come on in the world, and a gemman; it is right you ſhould put yourſelf forwood among other great gentlefolks. I was agreeable, and propoſed Margate; but Peg ſaid, ſays ſhe, Margate be well enough for the ribble rabble Canille, ſays ſhe; but won't do for thoſe who have *pretenſions* to gentility, ſays ſhe. Moſt of our old neighbours are gone there that I uſed to keep company with before I left off buſineſs; and my daughter Peg ſays they won't do for people of condition. This is a good ſmartiſh place enough, not much worſe than White Conduit Houſe; but for one thing, is bad. I axed the waiter for ſome *baccar*, he laughed, and told me, as how no ſmoking was allowed here." Mr. Cotton being departed, Scribble was diſpoſed to enter-

tain the party with a dissertation on the tendency of habit, to determine the sentiments and characters of men; but the commencement of a favourite song postponed his erudition.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning, Mr. O'Rourke again applied to Scribble, to interpofe on his behalf for leave of abfence. Hamilton, who really was fomewhat afhamed of having fuch a figure in their parties, was not much averfe to the propofition; he converfed on the fubject with his uncle and coufin; the former of whom cared little about the preacher; the latter, though averfe to his abfence, yet afraid, that by being croffed, he might relax into his former practices, judged it moft expedient to confent. Accordingly, he fet off that very afternoon on the road to Lewes, and was, by appointment, joined by a female devotee, with whom he

he had made acquaintance at Brighton, and who agreed to accompany him in his ſpiritual peregrination. This evening was ſpent at the theatre. Here, as uſual, they were joined by Mr. Scribble, who, at the end of the firſt act, was very cordially accoſted by a ſtrange looking figure that entered the box. This was a tall thin man, with a pale countenance, goggling grey eyes, and a remarkably long noſe. Scribble returned the addreſs with great pleaſure. "My dear friend, Mr. William Nincompoop, to what do I owe the unexpected happineſs of ſeeing you ſo far from home? I thought you had ſpared no time for pleaſure;" "I don't ſpare time for pleaſure now, I have come upon buſineſs," whiſpered Nincompoop; "but come and ſup with me at the tavern, and I will tell you all about it." Scribble accepted this invitation, and when the play was finiſhed, the

the bookſeller and the author ſet off to Hicks's. When they were ſeated, Nincompoop opened: " My valued friend, Scribble, I know I can depend on you in whatever you undertake, and on your recommendation and advice, as well as your ſervices; I prefer you to any of my authors, for your readineſs to undertake any thing. Let me ſee," ſaid he, " what you are all doing for me at preſent. Firſt, there is biography, the hiſtory of Katerfelto and his black cat; " yes, I reckon that one of the beſt things I ever wrote;" " the life of the noted Charles Price, hanged for forgery; the life and adventures of Hawke the highwayman, and of Macdonald the thief-catcher; but take care of borrowing from the Newgate Calendar. Secondly, travels; tour through Ireland, including picturesque deſcriptions;" " yes, I got through the bog of Allen in Bunhill-row, and here at

Brighton I am at the lake of Killarney;" "very well. Thirdly, metaphyſics.— How comes your treatiſe on?" "I have already proved, that Locke, Hutchinſon, Berkeley, Hume, and Reid, are blockheads, and I am now demonſtrating, that nobody knows any of the matter but myſelf." "Very well. Fourthly, divinity. How are you proceeding againſt Horſeley and Prieſtley?" "Demonſtrating that both know nothing about the matter, and as before, that no one knows any thing about the ſubject but myſelf." "Fifthly, mathematics. How goes your eſſay upon the Cycloid?" "It's not quite ſo far advanced, really." "I muſt begin another hand," ſaid Nincompoop. "Sixthly, Ethics. What are you doing againſt Paley?" "I demonſtrate him to be a fool, and myſelf only thoroughly to underſtand the ſubject; but hiſtory is my ſheet anchor."

chor." "Do you think you would have time to do any thing for me there?" "Oh yes," "I want a ſmart hiſtory; I don't care on what ſubject,—or two or three." "Suppoſe a ſecond edition of my Jack the giant killer, or to make it a more general title, the hiſtory of Britiſh Giants. I have got ſome valuable materials about Gog and Magog myſelf," "I ſhould like ſomething more modern. Could you cut me out from the gazettes and magazines, a good daſhing original hiſtory of the American war?" "Oh yes, if I cannot write a better hiſtory than Hume, Robertſon, or Gibbon, I will promiſe never to write another line." "Do not make raſh vows," ſaid Billy, "for you would aſſuredly break them." "Another very clever man is ſtrongly recommended to me as a capital hand for the military part." "Aye, who's that," "Spontoon, drum-major of militia, now,

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MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

I am told, at Brighton. I think if he do the military part, and you the reft, it will be a capital job. I fhall agree on the ufual terms; three half-crowns a fheet, thirty fhillings a volume for books to be broken up;" "but I muft have an additional fix-pence per fheet for flour pafte." I dont like to find the flour; it would be eftablifhing a bad precedent for my other authors, and would ftand me in a fack of flour each quarter; befides they might be making puddings as well as books. No; all my authors muft find their own fciffars and pafte; you know the workman at every craft finds his own tools; and the mafter only finds the materials. I muft hear of no charge for pafte:" "well, be it fo, we fhall not out about that, let's fee about Spontoon to-morrow." "Scribble," refumed Nincompoop, "do you know of any good hand at methodift fermons and hymns?"

"Oh

"Oh yes, I can undertake them myself." "No; you have enough in hand already." "Well then, there is a tall Irishman, called O'Rourke, I think he might be brought to do; he is gone a-preaching now; a good sharp fellow, but I rather doubt if he can spell."—"Spell indeed, what does that signify? If I were to employ no authors, but those who could spell, I would not do one quarter of my present business," "and you do a great deal, my respectable patron." "Aye, how do I do so much business? Why by not being nice, either in my subject or my writing." "I will introduce you to that young man that you saw with me; a decent enough youth." "Oh, Hamilton you mean; I know him by sight; he is a very able writer I am told." "Who tells you so?" says Scribble." "The booksellers, the public, the world." "The booksellers, the

 public,

public, the world, are a parcel of ignorant blockheads. I tell you, Hamilton is not a clever fellow, and you, and whoever ſays he is," continued Scribble, "only ſhew their own ignorance." Scribble was warm with liquor, otherwiſe he would never have ventured to talk ſo cavalierly to his ſupreme employer in the book manufactory. Nincompoop was a cunning fellow; regarded his own ſet of authors merely as productive journeymen, and, as many ſaleable books could be compiled without learning or genius, the chief qualifications he ſought, in the uſual routine of his buſineſs, were laborious drudgery, and readineſs of raking. He could not diſtinguiſh between pains-taking dullneſs, and real ability: and therefore prized Mr. Scribble. Proud and irritable, however, he replied diſdainfully to his journeyman: "I will not ſuffer ſuch language from any

any man; no, if inftead of being a common literary hack, a jade of all work, he had the powers and learning of Dr. Strongbrain." Scribble, too intoxicated for prudence, fcreamed with rage, "let me tell you, fir, I am fuperior to a hundred Strongbrains put together." Nincompoop, who was perfectly fober, and extremely quick in furveying his own intereft, recollecting the ferviceablenefs of Scribble's manufacturing talents, refolved to avoid a quarrel; and, by unfaying all that he had faid, imputing it to the haftinefs of his temper, and afferting his thorough conviction, that Scribble far furpaffed Strongbrain, and every other literary man, he pacified the enraged author, called for a frefh bowl, and fpent the remainder of the evening in friendly converfation, that was ended, by Dicky's falling from his chair on the carpet, where he flept without difturbance till the following

lowing morning. This day, a party was propoſed to Worthing; and to the great pleaſure of the ladies, Scribble not being to be found, was not of the company. Even Hamilton himſelf, though from his ſatirical humour, he reliſhed occaſional meetings with the vanity, ſelf-conceit, and abſurdity of Dicky; yet, tired of him a daily diſh, and agreed with the reſt in thinking him, to uſe the faſhionable language of that time, a ſhocking *bore*. Arriving at the pleaſant village of Worthing, they repaired to the inn of the celebrated Mr. Hogsfleſh; where, while the elderly part of the company took a ſhort walk on the ſands, the two young gentlemen and ladies directed their ſteps towards an eminence on the right, which, as they heard, commanded a proſpect that included Hampſhire and the Iſle of Wight. It was near the end of September, and a very charming day. The

ſcene was rural and ſolitary, being a ſucceſſion of fields, leading to a ſmall and ſcattered village, containing a venerable old church, which, at differet turnings of the path, preſented ſeveral points of picturesque aſpect.

When a young gentleman and a young lady, and another young gentleman and young lady, reſpectively, brothers and ſiſters, happen to be members of the ſame company, cuſtom and politeneſs require that the chief attention ſhould not be ſhewn to the neareſt relation. Our youthful perambulators, on this occaſion, found no difficulty in obeying thoſe rules. John Mortimer prevailed on Miſs Hamilton to take hold of his arm, while his fair ſiſter graciouſly vouchſafed the ſame honour to our hero. Mortimer was already deeply impreſſed with the charms of his friend's ſiſter, nor was ſhe altogether inſenſible to the charms of her friend's brother.

brother. In ſuch a diſpoſition, there was no great chance that the parties ſhould find their walk tedious. Mortimer had as yet made no declaration of his ſentiments, ſo that Charlotte could hear him without any conſciouſneſs of impropriety; and, as his converſation was very pleaſing, ſhe could not help liſtening with complacency. Hamilton had often and ſtrongly urged his paſſion, and though he had not obtained any literal and verbal avowals of mutual affection, yet in the ſoftneſs of Maria's ſmiles, and the bewitching glances of her eyes, he received ſuch teſtimonies, as he could not eaſily miſinterpret. The reſpective couples were ſo much occupied themſelves, that they did not attend to each other. By ſome means, Hamilton and our heroine ſeeing a path lead off to a ſtill more pleaſant ſcene, directed their ſteps thither. Their friends, not obſerving

this

this movement, kept ſtraight forward. Hamilton and his lady now found themſelves in a ſloping copſe, through which there was a narrow track, forming a viſta, terminated by the church. This ſequeſtered retirement, which might have excited ideas of love in the boſoms of two agreeable young perſons that had been before unengaged, could not fail to promote them in hearts that already glowed ſo warmly. Our hero, the whole of whoſe expreſſions both of tongue, voice, and countenance, had been even more than ever impreſſive during this ſhort excurſion, had quite enchanted and diſſolved the heart of Maria. All her darting quickneſs of penetration, the brilliancy of genius, appeared to ſuſpend their wonted operation on her countenance and manners. Every look and tone ſpoke the tenderneſs of love. Gentle preſſure of her fair hand, while he held

held it in his, progreſſively led to farther careſſes, and encircling the charming creature in his eager arms, he had imprinted a glowing kiſs on her pouting lips, which her unſuſpicious innocence had not chid from the object of impaſſioned love and undoubting confidence. The reception favoured repetition. Our hero had almoſt forgotten every conſideration but one, that he had in his arms her whom he thought the lovelieſt of women; when ſuddenly a voice ſtruck their ears, uttering the following words: "This way, honey; come, my dear girl, here is an opening through the buſhes;" and preſently Mr. O'Rourke made his appearance. He ſtarted at the ſight of Hamilton, who was now walking on; but his companion having joined him, he ſaw concealment was impracticable, and without regarding the young lady's preſence, he began to try his hand at an

apology.

apology. "The lady with me," he said, "is a young person that, like himself, was of the methodistical sect: and having heard me preach privately at Brighton, was so pleased with me, that she agreed to accompany me in my public ministry." Our hero made no comment upon this defence, but wishing the preacher success in his labours, departed. Maria, though from the innocent purity of her heart, not altogether sensible of the dangerous situation in which she had been, blushed deeply at the consciousness of the dalliance which she had permitted. Hamilton, skilled in its tendency and progressive effects, and loving Maria with a passion as honourable as ardent, on recollection and reflection, rejoiced at an intervention, which had tantalised him at the moment. But he was more than ever eager for an immediate marriage, and with impassioned earnest-

neſs, entreated the conſent of Miſs Mortimer, that he might inſtantly apply to her father. Maria could hardly conſtrain herſelf to refuſe, but from an apprehenſion that he might think ſhe had been too eaſily won, and be leſſened in the eſteem which, next to his love, it was her chief wiſh to ſecure, ſhe withheld her conſent. She, however, bleſſed him with a full acknówledgment, that he was maſter of her affections, and as ſoon as prudence and propriety would admit, ſhe would either be his wife, or remain unmarried. Now having doubled the village, they beheld their friends at a conſiderable diſtance, in the aſcent of the hill; and Maria, before they rejoined the other couple, had time to recover from the agitation which her acknowledgment and other occurrences of the day had occaſioned. Having reached the ſummit, they participated with their

com-

companions, in the extenſive and grand proſpect which opened to the Weſt, comprehending the channel, the Iſle of Wight, Arundel, Chicheſter, and the Downs, until gradually flattening, they are loſt in the foreſts of Hampſhire. Having regaled themſelves with contemplating theſe objects, they returned, well appetized for regaling themſelves with the dainties which Mr. Hogsfleſh had promiſed to furniſh; and though their friends at the inn rather complained of their ſeparation from the reſt of the company, and their long ſtay, yet on their return, good humour was reſumed. The contents of Mr. Hogsfleſh's larder were excellent, and of his cellars equally good. In the evening, they ſet off for the captain's houſe, and having ſpent the following day at this villa, the ſecond morning returned to Brighton. Hamilton, on his arrival, found ſeveral letters; one was from a book-

bookſeller of great eminence and liberality, offering very conſiderable terms, if he would undertake a work of magnitude, on a ſubject which the bookſeller ſpecified. Our hero being a man of real genius, erudition, and ſcience, would write upon no ſubject which he did not underſtand, and was not *an undertaker-general in the trade of book-making.* The ſubject in queſtion, he was conſcious he knew, and equally conſcious, that whatever he did know, he could communicate clearly, forcibly, and impreſſively, to the public. He therefore reſolved to accept the offer, and having imparted the propoſal to his mother and his friend John, he anſwered in the affirmative. Having concluded this important treaty, he peruſed his other letters, two of which were from fair correſpondents; the firſt in the well known hand of Mrs. Bloſſom, containing an intimation

timation that ſhe was urging the ſquire to take her to Brighton, and expreſſing the happineſs which ſhe anticipated from a meeting with her beloved Hamilton. The third epiſtle was alſo in a woman's hand, but diſguiſed, and contained a requeſt of an interview on the Downs, near the well. On looking on the date, however, he found that the propoſed time was paſſed; there being no poſt-mark on this epiſtle, he made ſome inquiries of the ſervants, and learned that it had been brought by a porter, and that the ſame had repeatedly called to inquire if Mr. Hamilton was returned. The fourth letter proved to be from the worthy apoſtle, Mr. O'Rourke, and was conceived in the following terms:

" Honoured Sir and Dare Couzen,

" Arundale, September 28th, 1789.

" Having promiſed Mrs. O'Rourke her a few lines, I think it my humble duty

duty to write you a few lines in the blank cover. I am here by the providence of God, propagating, as the phrafe is, the Gofpel in humble imitation, as St. Patrick and St. Whitfield did before me. This Arundale is a nice plaafh, with a great call of hullinefs and fpirituous devotion: the girls are dainty bagooragh bits, and feem well difpofed to the communion of faints. Plafe take no notice to my wife as you fee me yefterday, as fhe might take the thing wrong up; with my beft refpects to Mifs Mortimer, who is a fweet companion for a woody walk. I have not yet preached in public at this plaafh; but performed in private at the houfe of Mr. Deputy Dowlafs. After farvice, we had a very comfortable love-feaft; there was roaft goofe and apple fauce, as well as the other rarities of the feafon. Wifhing you and your party equally good

fare, and praying that you may all, through this wale of tears and of trials, provide food for your souls. I am your humble servant to command,

"ROGER O'ROURKE."

Though at most of this composition our hero smiled; yet, the allusion to the walk in the grove, he did not relish, and was not without alarm lest the gross conception of the writer might misinterpret the matter. While he was ruminating on this subject, a female servant, with a simper, informed him, that the porter who had before made inquiries was now below, to ask if he was returned; but brought no message. In the evening, the young ladies staid at home, to prepare for a ball that was to be given in a day or two. The elderly part played a rubber at whist; Hamilton and Mortimer took a stroll to the library. At the door, they heard the voice of that worthy author, Richard

Scribble, exerted in a loud tone, that they ſoon found to be preceptorial; and entering, obſerved, that his back was towards them, while he accoſted a lady of a pleaſing countenance, expreſſing intelligence and ſenſibility, but tinged with a penſiveneſs that approached to melancholy. The intereſting ſadneſs of her countenance they aſcribed, though, as they afterwards learned, unjuſtly, to ſome diſappointment in love. The gleams of tranſient mirth, that occaſionally ſhot acroſs her viſage, they juſtly imputed to the abſurdities which the ſpeaker was uttering. Approaching to the orator, unobſerved, they heard him pouring forth the following words: "Yes, ma'am, as I have before obſerved, I have read your novel really with a good deal of pleaſure, and I muſt ſay, there are traits of genius in it; and if you will ſuſpend a future publication, until you ſee a treatiſe

that I myſelf am compoſing, on novel-writing, you may be enabled to make very important improvements in your materials, diſpoſition, and expreſſion. I ſhall demonſtrate, that the art of novel-writing is hitherto unknown. Both Johnſon and myſelf think meanly of Fielding; there Johnſon is right: but Johnſon thinks highly of Richardſon; I don't, there Johnſon is wrong. Richardſon is a poor paltry writer, without any of that knowledge or exhibition of ſentiment, which the philologiſt erroneouſly aſcribes to him. I have not the honour to be perſonally known to you, madam; but on announcing my name, I truſt I ſhall immediately be recognized by any member of the republic of letters. I am Mr. Richard Scribble, author of the hiſtory of Jack the giant-killer, whoſe fame, I dare ſay, may have reached your ears." "I am

am ſorry," ſaid the lady, "I never had the pleaſure of hearing of it." "No!" ſaid Dicky; "you ſurpriſe me, ma'am. I will venture to ſay, it is a hiſtory that contains views, neither to be found in Hume, Robertſon, or Gibbon." The lady anſwered, "I have not the leaſt doubt of it, ſir." At this reply, our hero perceiving that the lady comprehended Mr. Scribble, burſt out into a laugh. Scribble turning about angrily, to his great ſurpriſe ſaw that Hamilton was the laugher, and was ſitting cloſe by him. "Hamilton," ſaid Scribble, "is it you that are making ſo boiſterous a noiſe? You ſeem to form your manners on the model of Squire Weſtern, whoſe character you ſo greatly admire; though, as I have often demonſtrated, it contains not one particle of humour, but to pleaſe the very groſſeſt taſte and conception."

"Oh

"Oh yes, I can imitate Squire Weftern," faid Hamilton; then gravely affuming an expreffion of anger, and looking at Scribble in the face, "What, doft thee open upon me? If thee doft begin to babble, I fhall whip thee in prefently." Scribble, not perfectly underftanding this quotation, and afraid its laft part might be intended literally, thought proper to draw in his horns, and immediately affured Hamilton he meant no offence. The lady, happening to recollect the paffage, turned to Hamilton, and faid, "Fie, brother, Mr. Supple is a man of fenfe." "There," faid our hero, "the comparifon breaks." Hamilton, who had learned who the lady was, now entered into converfation. "I fee," faid he, "madam, you are a ftranger to the valuable Mr. Richard Scribble; had you ever been in company

 with

with him, you would not have failed to have known what he has written; and if it ſhould be of conſequence to be known at all, I muſt confeſs, ſuch a nomenclator is not unneceſſary." Hamilton now, with all the elegant politeneſs of which he was ſo completely maſter, begged pardon for the queſtion he was going to aſk; whether he was not right in a conjecture that he had formed, that the lady whom he was now accoſting, was Mrs. Somerive, author of the Orphan of Pembroke? She anſwered in the affirmative; and Hamilton, as far as delicacy would admit, expreſſed his admiration of the performance, and in ſuch terms as convinced his fair auditor, that he was well acquainted with the work, and that his judgment could thoroughly comprehend and appreciate its merits. Mortimer now joined in the converſation, and,

and, as they inquired, whether ſhe often frequented the library on an evening, ſhe told them, when ſhe was unengaged, ſhe did: that the following day ſhe ſhould not be there; but probably might the day after. Soon after, they departed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning, the gentlemen informed the young ladies, that they had become acquainted with one of their favourite novelifts, and that they hoped foon to make them acquainted. This evening fhe will not be there. "This evening," faid Mifs Mortimer, "we could not be at the library, as my uncle is to have a party to dinner." Nothing important happened till the hour of appointment; when our hero, repairing to the captain's, found, to his great pleafure, that one of the guefts was his new acquaintance, Mrs. Somerive. The converfation during dinner, whether the party confift of genius or no genius, generally

turns

turns on one ſubject; nor was the preſent an exception; ſoals, turbot, and Down mutton, being the chief topics diſcuſſed. The fruits and wines having paſſed the ſame ordeal of criticiſm, the converſation took a more liberal and enlarged range, and entered on ſuch literary ſubjects, as were within the knowledge of the fair members of the party. Among theſe were included novels, which, though one of the firſt writers of the age was preſent, the Captain, more naturally benevolent, than artificially polite, introduced. "My good friend Mrs. Somerive," ſaid he, "though I always could ſee that you had great abilities, and knew much more than moſt young ladies of your age; but I did not think you would have been an author." A cloud was beginning to overcaſt the countenance of the lady at theſe words; but her recollection and good ſenſe preſently diſpelled it; and the Cap-

tain, who had not remarked this expreſſion, proceeded; "I often in fine weather, at ſea, read books of amuſement, and ſometimes on ſhore; I have lately read your Orphan of Pembroke, which my niece Maria here agrees with me in admiring very highly; but there is one of the characters that ſhe likes beyond all others,—he that proves the hero of the piece; the Sea Captain. But do not you think he is rather too refined for our ſervice?" To be ſure, young men are now better prepared than they were in my time, and I will honeſtly confeſs, they are as far before us in point of civilization, as——what ſhall I ſay, Hamilton? Help me out with a ſimile." "Why, ſir, as you are before Smollet's Tom Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, and Tom Pipes; the difference, you will pleaſe to obſerve, is chiefly in the manners, and keeps pace with the progreſſive

greſſive improvement of general ſociety in Britain. The hearts of the former are equally brave and benevolent with thoſe of the latter. The humanized and accompliſhed character, to which you allude, is a gallant and generous Britiſh ſeaman, acting from the ſame benignant motives, in the circumſtances in which he is placed, from which the rough virtues of his predeceſſors would have exerted themſelves. In affórding his protection to the helpleſs infant of his unfortunate ſiſter, he acts from benevolence, and ſeeks beneficence: ſo did Tom Bowling. In exerting himſelf to relieve diſtreſs,—to reſcue a meritorious character from confinement, he acts from benevolence, and ſeeks beneficence; ſo did Hatchway and Pipes, in endeavouring to releaſe Peregrine. He procured the promotion of profeſſional merit, from the ſame principle that Trunnion pur-

 chaſes

chafes a commiffion for Gauntlet; but the Britifh naval officer of 1789, has an underftanding, improved by cultivation and manners, foftened by commixture with elegant and enlightened fociety. In both cafes, the picture is juft ; in the former, it reprefents an original, namely, a diamond of the firft water, rough from the mine; in the fecond, after undergoing the higheft polifh." "Befides," faid young Mortimer, "the feaman of Mrs. Somerive was farther mildened by the tendereft of paffions, which failors certainly feel as ftrongly as other men; and what man, enamoured of fuch an object as the Fair Orphan of Pembroke, would not be foftened, even if he had been naturally lefs benignant?" At this remark, Mifs Hamilton, who had been by her admirer frequently compared to this very heroine, could not avoid blufhing; which Mrs. Somerive perceiving,

and

and ſtruck with a reſemblance, eaſily comprehended the caſe; and as Hamilton, in many reſpects, reſembled the hero of her work, after a little obſervation, ſhe was at no loſs to account for the peculiar predilection of Maria for that character. Dr. Wentbridge obſerved, that he was particularly ſtruck with the wiſe and beneficial tendency of the work. In a noble family, two of the children, a ſiſter and a brother, had received boundleſs indulgence; which, acting on very different diſpoſitions, the one vain, ſelfiſh, and illiberal, the other generous and elevated, produced cataſtrophes, of the former, diſgraceful; the latter, lamentable; but both reſulting directly from prepoſterous education. A third ſiſter participating of the generous and noble ſpirit of her brother, but having undergone, in her childhood and youth, reſtraint and direction, improves her talents

by

by inſtruction, guides benignity of diſ-poſition by prudence, and adorns beauty by appoſite accompliſhments; ſhe is re-warded for her virtues, by the heart and hand of a man of rank, fortune, and me-rit; and becomes the ſole comfort of her father, in his declining years, bent down by affliction, for the fatal effects of his conduct towards his more fa-voured children. "The character of the father himſelf," Hamilton obſerved, "diſplays ſtrong diſcrimination; he is a of naturally good intentions, and re-ſpectable capacity; but in his counſels and conduct, not poſſeſſing that firmneſs, without which, ability and diſpoſition can, neither in private or public life, re-gularly and ſteadily produce beneficial effects. He is governed by talents be-neath his own, one of the greateſt ſources of error and defect in conduct. Want-ing ſtability of principle, he is in a ſtate of

of oſcillation, between the ſuggeſtions of his own benignant diſpoſitions, the imperious dictates of a weak and illiberal wife, and the artful inſinuations of an attorney without talents, but by dint of cunning and ſycophancy arrived at wealth and importance. In the adoption, contrary to his own judgment and approbation, of the policy which the mean and ſelfiſh heart of this perſon recommends, he has to look for the occaſions which call into fatal action the reſpective characters of his ſon and daughter." "I think," obſerved young Mortimer, "that the nobleman in queſtion is not without a reſemblance to a miniſter of conſiderable talents, benevolent and patriotic intentions; who, wanting firmneſs, and complying with men far inferior to himſelf, permitted unexampled corruption, entailed on the nation an immenſe burden of debt without

out producing any benefit in return." "John," ſaid the captain, "the American war, in which either the raſh counſels or feeble plans of that adminiſtration involved this country, has produced one advantageous effect: it has demonſtrated, that if the whole world unite to attack England, England can reſiſt and repel the whole world." "Bravo," ſaid a lieutenant, who had hitherto taken little part of the converſation, "my brave commander." "Come then, Jack," replied the commander, "ſuppoſe, if the ladies have no objection, you ſing, Rule, Britannia." Mrs. Somerive, who, though highly pleaſed with the criticiſm upon her performance, yet feeling ſome uneaſineſs that ſhe ſhould monopolize the whole attention, was the firſt to ſecond this motion; and he performed in a very maſterly ſtyle. This introduced ſucceſſive requeſts from

the ladies. The lieutenant ſang two or three other ſongs, at the end of each of which, the captain propoſed ſome appropriate bumper toaſt; by this time, as he ſhewed a very bountiful example of hoſpitality, Mrs. Somerive, fearing he might go too far, propoſed retiring to the drawing room; a movement, which it had not occurred to Maria herſelf to ſuggeſt. "Nay, you muſt not go," ſaid the hoſt, "till we have a chorus of Hearts of Oak; Jack there can ſing it to admiration, and I can bear a bob myſelf." Mrs. Somerive, ſeeing no wiſh in the younger part of the company of either ſex for early ſeparation, deſiſted. The ſong, notwithſtanding rather too much vociferation on the ſide of the captain, was executed to the ſatisfaction of the company; when the laird of Etterick, turning to his nephew, ſaid, "Willie, you are half a Scotchman, and deſcended

from

from an honourable Scotch family; the lairds of Etterick are equal to any gentlemen in the country for descent, and we live, as your father used to observe, in the Scottish Arcadia, the scene of pastoral poetry:—come, sing us a Scottish song." The company joining in this request, our hero began with Tweedside; and doing justice to the melody of that charming air, he dwelt with an emphasis of peculiar tenderness on the name of Mary. Maria feeling this indirect address, wished to turn our hero's voice to less interesting subjects, and with a bewitching smile, asked him to favour them with a martial song. "Do, dear William," said his mother; "but do not let it be one song," and here the tears filled her eyes. William, affected by the allusion to an air, which he knew was the delight of his revered father, requested his friend

Mor-

Mortimer to ſing, promiſing he ſhould go on next. The penetration of Mrs. Somerive ſaw that a tender ſtring had been touched, and her feeling heart was affected. Mrs. Hamilton now propoſed to withdraw, ſaying, ſhe would hear William's other ſong after tea. The ladies retired, and Miſs Mortimer was very expeditious, both in ordering and announcing coffee. Meanwhile, the captain had promoted a very quick circulation of the bottle, and begun a round of toaſts, which he inſiſted ſhould be completed, before any of the gentlemen ſhould leave him. Dr. Wentbridge and his venerable father claimed a privilege of exemption, by all allowed to belong to their cloth, *though very frequently not claimed*, and was ſuffered to join the female part of the company. Before this round was over, Etterick had become remarkably facetious, cracked

jokes, and told comical ſtories; but his countenance, though ſomewhat exhilarated, ſtill retained the characteriſtic gravity of a long Scottiſh face. He alſo entered into narratives, which, in point of ſubject, formed a great contraſt with the ſeriouſneſs of voice and manner. His compoſure of countenance did not ariſe from a deſire of enhancing the mirth by apparent ſedateneſs, but from habitual caſt of muſcles. Their young companions left the three old gentlemen to themſelves; Hamilton, though not intoxicated, was in that ſtate, which, without much diſordering the underſtanding, opens the heart. Accoſting Mrs. Somerive, he aſked her, whether ſhe, who was ſuch an exquiſite judge, and perfect exhibitor of beauty, had ever ſeen, or could conceive any object, more lovely and faſcinating than his charming Maria? But ſhe reſembles

bles Sophia Weſtern more than any of your beauties; ſhe has the taſte and genius of your heroine; the underſtanding of her firſt friend, with all the faſcinating ſoftneſs of your hero's younger ſiſter. Maria, wiſhing to ſhift the ſubject of converſation from herſelf, made ſome remark on the one who firſt appeared likely to prove the hero, and wiſhed it had been poſſible to have carried on the ſtory without his death; but I don't ſee how it could have been managed. " I could have been very well pleaſed," ſaid Hamilton, " if that fiery youth had wreaked his vengeance on the villainous attorney and his two ſons." Maria now, at the requeſt of Hamilton, favoured them with a ſong, which happened to be " One day I heard Mary ſay," which ſhe performed with exquiſite taſte and pathos, and appeared

peared to our hero to dwell with peculiar ſoftneſs on the words, "I'll never leave thee;" Hamilton thought he had never ſeen her ſo bewitching, and whiſpered to her, that he could live no longer without her; and that unleſs ſhe conſented to be immediately his, his reaſon, if not even his life, muſt pay the price of the delay. "Could you bear, my beloved Maria, to ſee me a miſerable lunatic or a lifeleſs corpſe?" In the one or the other, I ſhould follow you," replied ſhe, in a ſtill ſofter whiſper. At this time, a letter was brought to Hamilton, which Maria could not help perceiving to be in a woman's hand. Our hero ſeeing it to be the ſame writing as he had received the day before from an unknown lady, put it into his pocket; but the ſervant telling him that a porter waited for the anſwer,

he went out, leaving poor Maria pale and trembling. Opening the letter, Hamilton read the following words:

"Charming youth,

"Will you, at eleven this evening, be on the Steyne, and meet a lady, neither old, ugly, nor diſagreeable? Your appearance beſpeaks you a man of honour; I need ſay no more.

"AMANDA."

Hamilton was very far from being a man of intrigue; but, on the other hand, was not a perfect Sir Charles Grandiſon; beſides, he was now elevated with wine, and not indiſpoſed to a frolic; and having a ready invention, he immediately deviſed a ſcheme for diſengaging himſelf from his mother and ſiſter: he wrote the lady that he ſhould attend ſo ſweet an invitation; but that, as he was engaged

engaged with a family party, he requested that she would send a message by a different porter, earnestly desiring his company at the Coffee-house, in the name of Richard Scribble, esq. The lady, who highly relished every kind of artifice, had this stratagem completely executed. Hamilton having returned to the ladies, observed marks of uneasiness in Maria's face, and that though Mrs. Somerive was entertaining her with that mixture of sense, feeling, and humour, which he knew to be most agreeable to the taste of his mistress; she lent a very constrained attention. Mrs. Hamilton now proposed to go home, and as she was rising for that purpose, a servant informed her son that Mr. Scribble was at the Coffee-house, and very earnestly requested to see Mr. Hamilton, on most particular business. "My compliments, and I will be with him

presently." He accordingly departed. "It is very strange what that foolish fellow could want with my son at such an hour." Maria was entirely of the same opinion as to the strangeness of Hamilton's going out, though she had a different conception of the cause; she well knew that Hamilton very thoroughly despised the book manufacturer, and reckoned his particular businesses frivolous nonsense; she therefore conjectured that he was going upon some other business, arising from the letter she had seen him receive. Brooding over this idea, resentment and grief filled her susceptible bosom, which finding herself unable to contain, she hastily withdrew, and sending an apology to the ladies, ran to her own apartment, and threw herself upon the bed in an agony of tears. Mrs. Somerive comprehended the case, and, that the young lady might not be dis-

diſturbed, withdrew; but her friend, Charlotte Hamilton, would not depart without ſeeing Maria; ſhe repaired to her room, and inquiring into her illneſs, for ſome time could obtain no anſwer. At laſt, Maria informed her of her ſuſpicions, and their grounds. Charlotte endeavoured to convince her that ſhe muſt certainly be miſtaken; and beſides, from what ſhe had read and heard, it was poſſible for a man to be paſſionately fond of one woman, though he might pay ſome attention to another. "What, though he intrigues with another?" ſaid Maria. "Yes," ſaid Charlotte; "at leaſt ſo Fielding and Smollett tell us, and they knew human nature very well. —Do not you remember Upton, my dear?" "Yes;" but did Jones leave his Sophia in order to meet another?" "Do not you," replied Charlotte, "remember the grove where there was the battle

battle with Thwackum?—Do not you remember Roderic Random and Nannette?" "Why, Charlotte," ſaid Maria, half ſmiling, "you have ſtored your memory with the beſt paſſages." "Poogh," ſaid Charlotte, "one cannot help remembering what one reads." "But," ſaid Maria, "the caſes are not in point; theſe were all accidents, and might be forgiven; the preſent is certainly an aſſignation,—and an aſſignation, to keep which, he leaves me:" here ſhe again burſt into tears. Charlotte wiſhing to comfort her friend, propoſed to ſtay with her all night, which was thankfully accepted.

Meanwhile, our hero repaired to the Steyne, and there met two females; one of whom he found to be the Counteſs of Cockatrice, and accompanied her to the houſe of a fat woman that ſold toys, in the adjacent part of North-ſtreet, while

her huſband exerciſed divers other profeſſions in another quarter. The attendant, who was the lady's own waiting maid, went into the parlour with the plump hoſteſs, and her lord and maſter, who was ſupping very ſociably with his conſort, perfectly reconciled to the exerciſe of her immediate occupation, or any other that ſhould help to fill his pockets. The lady, with the gentleman, went to the drawing-room. As the ſubject of converſation had nothing in it of any importance to the public, our hero never detailed it to us, and therefore, we cannot detail it to our readers. We truſt, however, ſhould any counteſſes be in that number, the ſecurity and innocence belonging to that illuſtrious rank will convince them, that in conference with a right honourable lady, nothing but what was *right honourable* could paſs. Our hero, about one,

one, returned. The next morning, at breakfaſt, inquiring where his ſiſter was, he learned that ſhe had ſtayed with Maria, who was taken ill.—" Taken ill ?" ſaid Hamilton, alarmed,—" my beloved Maria ill ?" and without waiting for any anſwer, ran out. Etterick was breakfaſting in his room, and his daughter attending him; ſo that with Mrs. Hamilton, there were only her father and brother. " I have ſuſpected," ſaid ſhe, " from the firſt time that I ſaw them together, that William and Maria Mortimer are fondly attached to each other. She is a charming girl; but William, who is ſo very fine a youth, might certainly do a great deal better in the way of fortune." " He certainly might," ſaid Doctor Wentbridge; " and beſides, he is a youth of great talents, and might ſo connect himſelf, as to be the means of riſing in the ſtate. — What ſay

 you,

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you, father ?" "I ſay, that what you both ſay is true; he might acquire riches, as you, daughter, obſerve; or power, as you, ſon, obſerve; but is he thereby to attain happineſs? beſides, neither of you have practiſed as you preach: you, Eliza, married a man you loved, though of ſmall fortune, and would not marry a ſuitor that you did not love, though of great fortune; you, Edward, not having ſucceeded with the lady that you did love, would not marry at all, even though you once had opulence in your power;—I acted upon the ſame principle, and was happy." "What then, ſir, would you wiſh your grandſon to marry this young lady?" "Not immediately; I would wiſh him called to the bar firſt; though I muſt confeſs, I ſhould like very well to ſee a great grandchild before I die." "As we are on the ſubject of love," ſaid Dr. Wentbridge, "I think

think young Mortimer is well affected to Charlotte; that would be a very good marriage for our girl, ſiſter, and I ſhould rather ſee a great grandſon to you, father, in that way, than by ſo early a marriage of my nephew." "Mortimer," ſaid Mrs. Hamilton, "is only a year older; beſides, you know he is going abroad as ſecretary to our ambaſſador in France." "I think," ſaid Wentbridge, "of late, he does not ſeem to reliſh that appointment, and frequently enlarges upon the pleaſures of agriculture, and a country life. I obſerve, both he and my nephew are particularly bent on ingratiating themſelves with the captain, who is the ſupreme director of the Mortimer family."

While the venerable vicar and his children were thus entertaining themſelves about his grand-children, our hero had reached the houſe that contained his

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adored Maria; he found his ſiſter and young Mortimer in the parlour, and inquiring with the moſt tender anxiety for Maria, learned that ſhe was ſomewhat better, but did not think ſhe would be well enough to go to the ball that evening; "but, cannot I ſee her?" "She will be down in half an hour." At this time the door opened, and Mr. Richard Scribble was announced, who entered the room with a face of joy and exultation. "Congratulate, my dear Hamilton."—"Congratulate you on what?" Scribble took out a card, and preſenting it, Hamilton read—"Dr. Scribble,"—"Who the devil made you a doctor?" "The learned univerſity of Aberdeen; but not without expence: it coſts three pounds ſix ſhillings and eight pence,—I have got the news by this very poſt." "Dr. Scribble, I congratulate not only you, but the univerſity of Aberdeen it-

ſelf,

ſelf, that has got ſuch an acceſſion to its doctorial dignitaries." "What became of you," replied Scribble, "yeſterday, that I did not ſee you the whole day?" Charlotte looked in her brother's face. "Yeſterday," ſaid Mortimer, "did not you ſpend the evening together?" "No," anſwered the doctor. John perceiving our hero colour, ſaw that there was ſome myſtery. Soon after, Charlotte went out, and ſending for her brother, explained the real cauſe of Maria's indiſpoſition, and the whole circumſtances, as have been already narrated. "Now, I dare ſay you know me too well, to ſuppoſe I wiſh to dive into any ſecrets; but for the peace of Maria, whom I know you love to diſtraction, give ſome account reſpecting the letter, that may be ſatisfactory; even a little invention may be excuſeable for ſuch a purpoſe." "Invention," ſaid Hamilton, "is not neceſſary; the

letter came from a female that I did not know, and from whom I found a letter, on our return from Worthing. I went out, merely to explain to her, without offending her pride, that, however amiable ſhe might be, it was totally impoſſible for me to make any return to her partiality; I ſaw her in company with her confidant, and found her to be a lady of great fortune. She was very much affected; but ſaid, that ſince it was ſo, ſhe would immediately leave this place, and bury herſelf in the country." This ſtory impoſed on the unſuſpicious Charlotte, and ſhe haſtily ran to report it to Maria, who, wiſhing it true, was the more eaſily perſuaded; her eyes brightened; ſhe ſoon deſcended, and found our hero alone in the drawing-room. She confeſſed ſhe had been extremely affected and angry; but he now taſted, on her charming lips, the ſweets

of

of reconciliation. While he held her encircled in his enraptured arms, he implored her to confent to an immediate marriage. Her denials were fainter than formerly, and at laft fhe promifed, that, whenever he could procure the confent of her friends, hers fhould not be wanting; but, fhe begged him not to be too precipitate. "My beloved William is at prefent in great favour with my father and uncle, and perhaps, by cautious and fkilful management, you may prevail on them to make us happy." The laft words fhe fpoke with inexpreffible foftnefs, and downcaft eyes. William preffed her in his arms, and ardently kiffing her, exclaimed, "Why propofe time and delay? By Heavens I cannot live without you! I will immediately apply to your father and uncle; and though my fortune be by no means fuch as, on account of my beloved Maria,

ria, I could wiſh; yet, with my efforts, it will be ſufficient to command independence." Maria had almoſt yielded to his intreaties, when the entrance of Mrs. and Miſs Hamilton put a ſtop to the converſation, and the reſt of the day was ſpent in conſultations and diſpoſitions for the approaching ball.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAMILTON and Maria, Mortimer and Charlotte, danced together the firſt two dances. A gentleman, who had for ſome time regarded Miſs Mortimer with fervent admiration, now requeſted the honour of her hand. This was a very graceful and elegant perſon;—Sir Edward Hamden, a man about ſeven and twenty. Having danced with Miſs Mortimer, he ſat by her during the remainder of the evening; paid her compliments at once very warm and appropriate, while his countenance expreſſed the ardour of paſſion. Hamilton, at this time, had been accoſted by the Counteſs of Cockatrice, who whiſpered him,—"Why do not you aſk me to dance with you?"

you?" Hamilton obſerved, "Not having the honour of being in public known to your ladyſhip, I have foreborne an application that I did not know would have been well received." She archly anſwered, "No application that ſo handſome a youth can make, can be ill received by a lady of any ſenſibility." Our hero thus challenged, could not avoid acceptance, and the attention that politeneſs required, neceſſarily compelled his abſence from Maria. As he danced down, all the ladies of her own circle tittered, and whiſpered, "Cockatrice, as uſual, has taken care to provide herſelf with one of the handſomeſt beaus which the place affords." Indeed the fair of the age, who united the bloom of youth with the graces of beauty, were exceeded by this middle-aged matron in the efficacy and effect of attractions. At forty ſhe could diſtance the moſt charming girl of twenty; for her age had not impaired

the force of charms ſo much, as experience improved ſkilful and efficacious direction. Having both the ſoar, and the eye of an eagle, while in purſuit of the very higheſt game, ſhe would pounce upon lower, and having ſucceeded, reſume the chace. Her deſire of conqueſt, like Cæſar's, combined emulation with ambition; to ſupplant another was the ſecond wiſh of her ſoul. She had ſeen at the Grove our hero and his fair companion, was ſtruck with the manly gracefulneſs of his figure, the dignified beauty of his countenance, and alſo readily perceived that the young lady that was with him entertained a ſimilar opinion. Thoroughly acquainted with the various channels of intelligence, and having, in the worthy hoſteſs of North-ſtreet and her no leſs worthy ſpouſe, and many others, agents for every purpoſe either of truth or falſehood that ſhe choſe to diſcover or diſſeminate,

diſſeminate, ſhe the following day had learned more particulars than ſhe had conjectured. The deſire of embroiling a couple of lovers added ſpurs to other motives for courting the acquaintance of our hero. To be ſure he was far removed beneath the rank of one object that the Cockatrice wiſhed to faſcinate, but he was a gentleman deſtined, ſhe underſtood, to be a counſellor; and though the good humour of her lord precluded any apprehenſions that ſhe could have occaſion for the profeſſional efforts of a legal orator in juſtificatory eloquence, ſhe might have occaſion for a champion that might conduct offenſive efforts againſt the inſolent aſſailants of a right honourable reputation. Theſe, however, were diſtant conſiderations. Our hero was a very handſome finely proportioned young fellow. The bearer of ſuch accompliſhments, whatever his rank and

condition might be, carried with him a paſſport to the Cockatrice's favour. She uſed every effort in her power to convey to Miſs Mortimer an idea that our hero was paying his devoirs to herſelf. She ſo contrived her poſitions, that Maria might ſee her face without ſeeing Hamilton's. When he ſpoke on the moſt common topics of the evening, ſhe aſſumed the expreſſion of a downcaſt bluſhing girl, receiving the ſoft declarations of a man whom ſhe loved, but afraid to diſcover her tenderneſs. Poor Maria, though far ſuperior to the Cockatrice in real ability and comprehenſive penetration, yet as far inferior to her in the labyrinths of artifice, was actually perſuaded that her lover was caught by the enchantreſs. She could not herſelf attend to either time or figure, but with difficulty making her way down the dance, haſtily retired to her ſeat. That dance being over,

over, Hamilton was flying to his Maria, but ſtopped by Captain Mortimer, who was converſing with a middle-ſized ſlender gentleman, of a very bold and animated countenance. Hamilton ſoon found him to he a naval officer, who, though ſcarcely thirty years of age, had already highly diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and was looked on as one of the moſt promiſing hopes of the Britiſh navy. Mortimer having introduced Hamilton and this gentleman to each other, ſaid, "Hamilton, this is as brave an officer as ever ſtepped between ſtem and ſtern. You, they tell me, are a fine writer; who knows but you may yet have to celebrate his atchievements when an admiral? By the Lord, I have no doubt but my friend here, if he live and have an opportunity, will equal your Rodney, Hawke, Ruſſel, or any other of his country." The captain, not recollecting that, highly

deserved as his eulogia might be, they were not altogether seasonable in the presence of their subject, persevered in illustrating them by particulars. His brother captain took the first opportunity of leaving Mortimer, and our hero was obliged to listen while the captain proceeded. Meanwhile the countess had directed her steps to the spot where Sir Edward Hamden sat with Miss Mortimer. Perfectly acquainted with the baronet, "Pray," she said, "Hamden, do you know who that charming youth is that danced with me?" "I understand his name is Hamilton," replied Hamden. "What a graceful figure, what a bewitching countenance, what eyes, and such a look as he has with him: it is well for me that I am past my teens, and not a susceptible romantic girl. "That you are out of your teens," said my Lord Bayleaf, who had come to reconnoitre Miss Mortimer, "and past romantic

mantic love, we moſt readily admit; but that you are alſo out of your ſuſceptibility, I ſhould rather be diſpoſed to doubt." "Hamden," ſaid her ladyſhip, "Do you know that Bayleaf, as he finds age growing on, and former amuſements gone off, is going to ſet up for a wit. He was hard at it laſt Friday, and has ſince been in training; he only ventures twice a week yet, perhaps as he improves he may get on to thrice. But," proceeded the lady, "he applies his old taſtes to his jokes, he takes them at ſecond hand." "In the ſubject, does your ladyſhip mean?" ſays Bayleaf. "No," ſays ſhe, "but in the execution." But here, his lordſhip being called aſide to give judgment on the genealogy of a horſe, the counteſs reſumed the praiſes of Hamilton; and particularly celebrated the turn of his aſpect towards an agreeable woman. "Your ladyſhip's attractions," ſaid Hamden,

den, "would ſoften the looks of any man." "Really, I have not the vanity to think that my ladyſhip's attractions had entirely engroſſed him, he ſeems to have a habit of making love, and conveyed ſtolen glances at two or three others. I think Miſs Louiſa Primroſe, and that forward young pout, Lady Betty Ogle, will pull caps about him. I am told he is a young man of ſmall fortune. Primroſe is miſtreſs of a plumb, ſo indeed I told Hamilton. With ſo very pretty a girl it would be a God-ſend." "What," ſaid Hamden, "is your ladyſhip going to turn match-maker?" "Oh no," ſaid ſhe, "but I have taken a great fancy to this young man, and intend to make him a protegée, and I think I could not do better for him." The very young lady in queſtion, with her mother, now accoſted Captain Mortimer, who had formerly been captain in Admiral Primroſe's own ſhip,

ſhip, and was well known to his widow, and alſo acquainted with the daughter; and Mortimer, who was extremely fond of Hamilton, and deſirous of extending his acquaintance and connections, introduced him to Louiſa; and as the laſt dance of the ſecond ſet was now ending, Hamilton could not avoid aſking the young lady to be his partner in the two next. Politeneſs having compelled our hero to remain a few minutes with his new acquaintance, he found on going to look for Maria, that ſhe had left the room, and before her return, the dance was called. It being Miſs Primroſe's dance, the firſt object that ſtruck Maria on re-entering the room was, Hamilton leading a pretty, ſweet, intereſting girl through the mazes of a ſtrathſpey country dance, to the enlivening ſtrains of Lucy Campbell. By her uncle, who now joined her, ſhe was told, that the young lady dancing with Mr. Hamilton was

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the only daughter of his old friend Admiral Primrofe. This intelligence, combined with what Lady Cockatrice had faid, by no means tended to relieve the anxieties of the evening. Mifs Primrofe, an agreeable and engaging girl, joined with a delicate face and figure, had a fimplicity of afpect and manner, that added an impreffive intereft to her other charms. She was pleafed with the mufic, the dance, and above all, the attention of her partner; and blue eyes, beaming foftnefs, gliftened with delight. Though only eighteen, fhe had repeated offers of marriage, but from none that made any impreffion on her heart. She was ftruck with the elegance of Hamilton; and though not altogether tinder, inftantaneoufly to catch the fire of love, fhe could not help regarding him with great complacency; which the vigilant eyes of Maria obferved, and her imagination

nation exaggerated. Nor were doubts concerning the man whom ſhe loved, the only diſagreeable ſenſations Maria had that evening to experience. She was obliged to hear overtures to addreſſes from a man that ſhe did not love, and indeed, till that evening, had never ſeen. This was Sir Edward Hamden,—in perſon and manners equal to moſt men, in converſation intelligent, animated, and engaging. But his various accompliſhments were little regarded by Maria, whoſe heart was totally occupied by another object. Though he did not profeſſedly make love, yet the language of his tongue, and much more of his eyes, was infinitely too warm from a ſtranger to an occaſional partner for the evening, unleſs he intended farther acquaintance. She alſo obſerved that he had found out her father, uncle, and brother, and paid them reſpectively great attention; and, her

her fancy ranging into the probable motives of the baronet's conduct, and the probable consequences, she foreboded unhappiness. At length our hero was able to rejoin his Maria, and observing an expression of uneasiness, he endeavoured to learn its cause. He enquired with such a manifestation of tender concern, as gradually lessened the effect, and she became convinced that his absence from her, and attention to others, were merely the effects of unavoidable incidents, and resumed her usual cheerfulness. At supper, Sir Edward Hamden found means to place himself in the party of the Mortimers, which the captain also prevailed on Mrs. Primrose and her fair daughter to join. While they enjoyed themselves, a waiter who knew Hamilton, said, "there is a gentleman, sir, enquiring, at which table you are supping." "Who is it," said Hamilton?" "I do not know, sir,

ſir, I rather fancy he is a phyſician, but here he is, ſir," when Hamilton turning about, beheld a little figure in black, with a large bag wig, and a ſword hanging by his ſide; and it was almoſt a minute before he recollected him to be Dr. Scribble. "Doctor, "ſays he in ſurpriſe, "What is the meaning of all this metamorphoſe?" Maria, at this addreſs, turning to ſurvey the doctor, burſt out into a fit of laughter which ſoon pervaded the whole company. The face, naturally diminutive, was half covered by the wig which came down to his cheek bones, the bag overſpreading his ſlender back and ſhoulders, rendered their flimſy contexture more viſible: the coat having very large flaps, made that part of the perſon which theſe peculiarly affected, form a ſtriking contraſt with the ſhort and tiny limbs, from the cloſe graſp of the ſilks, ſmaller, if poſſible, in appearance than reality.

reality. Offended at a mirth of which he himſelfwas ſo evidently the object, he, with much ſolemnity, opened a ſpeech, in which he expreſſed his confidence that there was nothing ludicrous and ridiculous in his appearance, that he truſted both his dreſs and deportment would be uniformly ſuch, as was moſt compatible with the dignity to which he was now elevated. "My appearance, I will be bold to ſay, befits my character." "Character," ſaid Captain Mortimer, "I do not know what the devil character it befits, unleſs it be Captain Mirvan's full-dreſſed monkey in Evelina." But our hero and young Mortimer, to prevent the doctor from attending to this remark upon his archetype, made ſome little motion and buſtle to procure him room at table; and, while, the company were converſing upon the occurrences of the evening, the doctor thought

thought it a good opportunity of delivering a diſſertation upon the nature and tendency of the ancient dances, and in the courſe of his illuſtrations, entered upon the Ionicos motus of the lyric bard. The baronet, who before had enjoyed the lectures of this ſpontaneous inſtructor, now joined with the other gentlemen in traverſing this part of the elucidation. Before the doctor would take the hint, the company broke up for the night.

The next day, Hamilton went early to enquire for his Maria, and after he had ſat half an hour with the family, Sir Edward Hamden was announced, who having paid his reſpects to Maria, and the reſt of the company, entered into an eaſy converſation with the gentlemen, cautiouſly adapting its range to the inclinations of the perſons whom he addreſſed. With the captain he diſcourſed upon naval hiſtory; with the ſquire, upon agriculture,

culture, and country ſports; with the young gentlemen, on moral ſcience and literature; with the ladies, on taſte, belle-lettres, muſic, painting, faſhionable manners and diverſions; and, Dr. Wentbridge making his appearance, he ſpoke of the queſtion between the church and the diſſenters. After he had taken his leave, all the company agreed that he was a very pleaſing man. Wentbridge, who knew ſomething of his connections, informed them he was a gentleman of great fortune, and much eſteemed for his abilities and character. Captain Mortimer now reminded Hamilton, that out of politeneſs, he ought to aſk for his fair partner Miſs Primroſe. Maria could have wiſhed that her uncle had ſpared this admonition, but no objection could poſſibly be ſtarted by her, or indeed by any other, and accordingly he went to pay his reſpects. The mother,

he

he found, was gone abroad, but that the young lady was at home. Miſs Primroſe had been deeply impreſſed by the charms of our hero, and had not diſcovered his attachment to another. On hearing his name announced, fallacious hope, in its uſual way, following wiſh, ſhe aſcribed his early enquiries to a more potent motive than mere faſhionable politeneſs. Under theſe impreſſions, ſhe deſcended to the drawing-room with more haſte, and received him with more animation than a ſtranger could have excited merely as her partner at a ball. Our hero entered into converſation with her, and found a great portion of good ſenſe, united with amiable diſpoſitions, and thought her a very engaging and intereſting girl. Soon after his departure, meeting Captain Mortimer, he expreſſed himſelf in terms of great approbation and eſteem on the ſubject of Miſs Primroſe, which the captain miſunderſtanding, conceived

ceived that Hamilton was enamoured of the lady in queſtion; and knowing that in point of pecuniary emolument, it would be very advantageous to him, he reſolved to promote it to the utmoſt of his power. The following day, repairing to Mrs. Primroſe's houſe, he, after ſpending ſome time in converſation on other ſubjects, found means to turn the diſcourſe upon Hamilton, his great abilities and accompliſhments, and the proſpects of aggrandizement which theſe afforded, and took occaſion to mention the high terms in which he had ſpoken of Miſs Primroſe. In this interference the old captain's motives were honourable and pure. He knew nothing of the mutual affection that ſubſiſted between Hamilton and Maria. He thought highly of our hero's character and proſpects. Fortune thus obtained, would enable him, he thought, to riſe to great conſideration

 and

and importance in the ſtate. On the other hand, his virtues and accompliſhments rendered him worthy of Miſs Primroſe, and the happineſs of both parties would, he conceived, be thus promoted by an union. Captain Mortimer was a man of an ardent mind, and whatever he deſired, he ſtrongly deſired. On his friend's account he was as anxious for the completion of this project, as if he himſelf had been to derive from it the higheſt benefit; and in his zeal he made his advances without communicating with Hamilton himſelf. The great point, he concluded, was to gain Miſs Primroſe, as Hamilton could not fail, in the captain's opinion, to accede with joy to a ſcheme which would make his fortune. Mrs. Primroſe and the captain reciprocally dined at each other's houſes. Miſs Primroſe became daily fonder of our hero, cultivated a cloſe intercourſe with

his ſiſter, and alſo with her friend Miſs Mortimer, whom ſhe repeatedly ſaw in company with Hamilton, without ſuſpecting their mutual love. This abſence of apprehenſions on that ſubject, was not entirely owing to the ſimple naïvete of Louiſa's character, but alſo to other circumſtances.

Within a few days after the ball, Sir Edward Hamden publicly made his addreſſes to Maria Mortimer, and both her father and uncle thinking her affections unengaged, with much pleaſure expreſſed their approbation of the offer, and rather too haſtily announced their conviction, that it could not fail to be agreeable to Miſs Mortimer. Maria, though unalterably reſolved to be either the wife of Hamilton, or of none; yet apprehending as both her father and uncle were very poſitive, and even violent in their opinions and reſolutions, a very diſ-

agreeable conteſt with thoſe whom ſhe moſt highly valued, did not peremptorily avow her ſentiments. When the propoſition was made, ſhe declared her very high opinion of the propoſer's merit, but that ſhe never would marry a man upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, and without being more thoroughly acquainted with his character. Her uncle and father regarded theſe declarations as the mere effects of coyneſs and coquetry, which they ſuppoſed would ſoon give away to the accompliſhments of the baronet, to intereſt and to ambition. They both, therefore, the captain eſpecially, encouraged the baronet to perſeverance, and aſſured him of ſucceſs. Theſe girls, the captain would remark, do ſtand ſo ſhilly ſhally, and will pretend to object to what they have moſt a mind to. Hypolita, whom we ſaw the other evening at the play, is the picture of the larger half of them; but

but you ſee ſhe comes after her lover at laſt. Hamilton immediately informed by Maria of the offer that was made, after an interchange of the moſt ſolemn love and conſtancy, propoſed to declare his paſſion publicly; but Maria, alarmed at the conſequences which ſuch a proceeding might produce, prevailed on him to forbear it for the preſent, at the ſame time agreed to abide by it ſhould urgency ariſe to violence. Her purpoſe at preſent was to work on the honour and generoſity of the baronet, of whom ſhe entertained a very high opinion, and to induce him to deſiſt from an application which would be fruitleſs. Hamilton, finding her heart completely his own, and that he was the ultimate end of her conduct, agreed to the means which ſhe propoſed, though not altogether the ſame which he himſelf would have choſen. John Mortimer, though ſufficiently de-

ſirous of the aggrandizement of his ſiſter, if attainable conſiſtently with her happineſs, yet had either obſerved or learned the ſtate of her heart and affections ſo fully, as to be convinced that her happineſs depended upon his friend Hamilton. But knowing the eagerneſs of his father and uncle that Maria ſhould become lady Hamden, he obſerved a ſtrict neutrality, determined to let the matter take its courſe, and perfectly aware what courſe it would moſt probably take.—Captain Mortimer not ſuſpecting any difficulty, conſidered the affair as entirely ſettled, and deſcribed it as ſuch in various places, eſpecially at Mrs. Primroſe's. He alſo continued his high commendations of his friend Hamilton, and thereby ſo fanned the paſſion of poor Louiſa, that her heart was gone before ſhe ſuſpected any danger. Meanwhile the baronet was very urgent in his addreſſes. Maria

firmly

firmly and decisively told him, that she never could be his; but as she always deported herself with her habitual politeness, and with the respectful attention due to his character, he contrary to his usual discernment, drew from her manners inferences concerning intentions, and, misapprehending her dispositions, supposed that she affected the rejection in order to enhance the value of acceptance, or, that pride contributed its share to her professed determination of refusal, and that she forebore immediately yielding, least it might be imputed, either by him or by the world, to his rank and fortune. As he farther knew her, he discovered the vigour of her understanding, and the independence of her soul; that she was not to be obtained by wealth or distinction, and that she was not to be bought, but to be won. His own person and accomplishments were such as afforded him

a fair

a fair profpect of fuccefs with any woman that was unengaged; and not having difcovered the ftate of Maria's heart, he trufted that he would be ultimately fuccefsful. He was extremely ftruck with Hamilton, whofe genius and erudition, his own enabled him to appreciate, and whofe knowledge and converfation might be ufeful to him in his parliamentary exertions. Hamilton, too proud to court rank in the baronet, refpected talents, the appearance and reputation of honour and patriotifm, and did not reject his advances; and increafing his efteem, as his acquaintance grew towards intimacy, he, as a man of honour, refolved to feek a favourable opportunity of opening the fituation of his own and Maria's affections.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEANWHILE the baronet was almoſt conſtantly with him and Mortimer; and becoming acquainted with Dr. Scribble, and having a genuine taſte for humour, he entered thoroughly into the character of arrogant emptineſs, and literary ſcrap-writing. The doctor was very vain of this acquaintance, as in diſcourſe with his friend Nincompoop, or with any of his fellow journeymen employed on Nin's manufactures, he could talk of "my friend the baronet," as I obſerved to Sir Edward, who was greatly ſtruck with the depth of the obſervations. Scribble had taken it into his head that no employment could be more ſuitable to his capacity and fulneſs, than making

ſpeeches for members of parliament. One day, as the Baronet was walking alone on the Steyne, expecting our hero and the Mortimers, the Doctor accoſted him, and, after the firſt ſalutations, requeſted the honour of ſome private diſcourſe. Accordingly, they walked along Eaſt-cliff, and the doctor began: "Sir Edward Hamden, I deem myſelf happy in the honour of your acquaintance, and ſhould rejoice very much in an opportunity of rendering myſelf beneficial to a young gentleman, whom I think deſtined to be an orator and a ſtateſman." "Sir," ſaid Sir Edward, "praiſe from Dr. Scribble, muſt be always adequately valued, by every one who has diſcernment to appreciate his character, which is too ſtrongly marked, not to be eaſily comprehended." "Sir," ſaid the doctor, "you do me infinite honour; you have heard of me then before;—you

have, I presume, read my history of Jack the giant killer." "Oh! undoubtedly;" "which part of it do you think most striking?" "It is all so conspicuous," replied the baronet, "that I find it difficult to select one part, more characteristic of the author, than another: which do you think the best yourself?" "Why, I think the dissertations upon dress, and especially shoe-strings in the time of the ancient Britons, is one of the most profound; but the most pathetic, is the Hero's Adventure in the house of the two giant misers; I think that is fully equal to Livy's story of the Horatii and Curatii, far surpassing any modern historian. This hero's reception from his uncle, is chiefly to be admired, for exhibiting my powers of moral precept and inculcation. An insolent reviewer charged me with borrowing from Mother Goose's tales, especially from Bluebeard,

and Little Thumb and the Ogre; but it was all falſe. Hiſtory, however, is not my only fort; indeed I can write every thing, for inſtance, what a fuſs there is about that fellow Moore's Travels; I can write travels better than he; —I have brought you a ſpecimen of a new work I am bringing out for Mr. Nincompoop, the famous bookſeller. It's title is, A curious and intereſting Tour to Maidenhead; back by Windſor, Stains, Sunbury, Hampton-Court, Kingſton, Twickenham, and home by Richmond. I flatter myſelf, you will find novelty, ingenuity, and humour." Accordingly, the Baronet read: " Tueſday, June 24th, we ſet off on horſeback from the Black Bear-inn, Piccadilly, before Six; when we paſſed St. James's church, the clock wanted ſeven minutes; meet turnip carts coming to market; arrive before the Duke of Queenſberry's houſe;—fine

proſpect

profpect of St. James's park and the Surrey hills." "You fee I make obfervations as I go along, fir." "Arrive at the turnpike—find it is exactly fix; compare our watches with the clocks;—we have taken feven minutes from St. James's church. N. B. A wife man rides more flowly over the ftones, than on the road. Proceed on our tour—arrive at Knightfbridge; to the left, there turns off a new ftreet, called Sloane-ftreet, from Sir Hans Sloane.—N. B. He was a great naturalift." "Biography, you obferve, fir," faid the doctor. "Oh yes," anfwered the baronet. "Another road turns off to Fulham;—Latin pun on two foldiers went to Putney: 'Ibant tinctores animæ duo ponere juxta. Explanation: duo two, animæ foul, tinctores diers, ibant went, ponere to put, juxta nigh.' A little farther on, is the pound."—"Yes," faid the doctor, "curio-

"curiofities." "Beyond Knightfbridge, Hyde Park wall;—crowds of ftrawberry girls in the foot-path;—meet long coaches. N. B. That road a great thoroughfare;—Kenfington George II. died here." I give my companion a fketch of his hiftory: Holland-houfe not in the modern ftyle of building;—differtation upon architecture;—my companion obferves I know every thing. Attending too earneftly to my fubject, run againft a carter—fcoundrel hits me with his whip;—I turn about and fwear at him. He comes back;—I ride on." Dipping into another page, the Baronet found "Brentford, faid to be a royal city; entrance not remarkable for royal magnificence." "You obferve," faid the Doctor, looking with arch farcafm, "my friend advifes me, as a great antiquarian, to write the hiftory of the monarchs of Old and New Brentford. Sion-houfe,

my remarks on the Percies, and the battle of Chevy Chaſe. Approach Smallberry-green; inform my companion of my extreme intimacy with Sir Joſeph Banks; my comrade happens to know him a little. Obſerve a perſon before his houſe, whom he inſiſts to be, I, not to be Sir Joſeph;—I ride on—my companion certainly miſtaken." The Baronet, rather tiring of this, turned over a good many pages, and found "Chertſea, St. Ann's hills, houſe of Charles James Fox,—Fox no orator." "Original diſcovery," ſaid the Doctor, "hem." "I perfectly agree with you ſir, it is," "The world is totally miſtaken in him." "Demonſtrate to my companion, that I ſurpaſs Fox in every thing;—comrade hard-headed won't be convinced, —leſs agreeable than I thought him." The Baronet ſkipping again, dipped into "Hampton Fiſhery, they catch

Gudgeons

Gudgeons here; I obſerve they alſo catch Gudgeons in town. *Bon mots* for you,—I excel in wit, as much as in philoſophy." "That I can perceive," ſaid the Baronet; I ſee, ſir, this is juſt ſuch a performance, as I ſhould have expected from Dr. Scribble." "Since you do me the honour to entertain ſo very high an opinion of my abilities; how happy I ſhould be, in devoting them to your information and inſtruction. I ſhould, with much pleaſure, ſir, on any important queſtion, make ſuch ſpeeches, as would aſtoniſh the ſenate, if you were to ſpeak them." "That ſir, I am convinced you could," "and in any manner that you chuſe." "I am very happy in imitating Burke; but that's not difficult; Burke is, after all, only ſhallow. I could enliven a ſpeech with better wit than Sheridan's;—indeed, that's no great matter. His School for

Scandal,

Scandal, that the world ſo much admired, is but a poor performance; I, myſelf, could far ſurpaſs it, were I to *deſcend* to writing for the ſtage, but that I deſpiſe." "Did you never write for the ſtage, doctor?" "I once wrote a tragedy." "What was the ſubject?" "The death of Colebrand, or the hiſtory of Guy, Earl of Warwick." "And how was it received, doctor?" "Whatever I write, has numberleſs enemies;—they had the inſolence to damn it. Pit, boxes, galleries, all hired to join againſt poor Guy;—there was a great deal of nature and of wit in the dialogue, for it made them laugh a good deal; but it was damned. The whole world were in a confederacy againſt me; but I wrote and publiſhed an addreſs, which proved every one that ſpoke or hiſſed againſt me, to be a dunce." "How did you prove that, doc-

doctor?" "How did I prove that;—how do I prove any thing? but by giving my own judgment, that it is so. I declare they were all dunces, and God confound them all for dunces. They had the insolence to say Dr. Scribble was a dunce;—the whole audience called out, Dicky was a dunce:—could flesh and blood bear it? Was it not a libel?—I believe Lord Mansfield would declare it so." Without attending to this legal illustration, the doctor proceeded; "I published a work a few days after, proving them all to be in a conspiracy against me, for my superior genius; but to return, I again proffer you, Sir Edward, my political services." "Doctor Scribble," replied the Baronet, "I have a just sense of the importance of your offer; but I am sorry, that I cannot think of shining by a borrowed light, and must make the best of my own powers and knowledge;

ledge;—but there comes your friend Sir Joseph, ſhall we go and meet him?" "Not at preſent," ſaid the Doctor, "being engaged very particularly on the other ſide of the town." Sir Edward now joined the other baronet, and after the common ſalutations, "I have juſt parted with your friend, Dr. Scribble." "My friend!" returned Sir Joſeph, "I do not know him;—I know there is ſuch a man, and that he pretends to be a kind of an antiquarian." "I thought you had been extremely intimate," ſaid Sir Edward. "Oh no, I have not the leaſt acquaintance with the man." Not long after the baronet was joined by our hero, and communicated the diſcourſe that had paſſed between him and Dr. Scribble. Our hero was amuſed by the oratorial propoſitions of this learned perſon; but ſoon forgot the doctor and all his concerns, in ſubjects that concerned himſelf much

much more nearly. Sir Edward and he happening to paſs near the lodgings of Miſs Primroſe, the baronet expreſſed his opinion, that the young lady was paſſionately in love with Hamilton; that ſhe was a charming girl; would bring him an ample fortune; and he was aſſured that Hamilton might ſoon obtain a ſeat in parliament, and muſt riſe to diſtinguiſhed eminence. "I hope, Hamilton," he continued, "that my beloved Mortimer will ceaſe to be ſo inſenſible, at leaſt ſo inflexible, as I have now experienced; how happy, my dear friend, for ſhort as is our acquaintance, ſo I conſider you, if our reſpective nuptials could take place at the ſame time; and if the two families continued to cultivate the intimacy that their reſpective maſters would wiſh. Your inamorata and mine appear extremely attached to each other," Our hero thinking the

preſent

present a favourable opportunity of opening his mind to Sir Edward, propofed to walk a fhort way from town, " wifhing," he faid, " to have the pleafure of a very particular converfation." The baronet, not doubting that our hero wifhed to give him his confidence, particularly on the fubject of Mifs Primrofe, and equally defirous of confulting with him concerning Mifs Mortimer, moft readily agreed; and they were preparing to take a turn to the race-ground, when a fervant came to inform Sir Edward, that a gentleman, whom he named, and who was of great confequence, in the county reprefented by the baronet, had called at his lodgings, and was very defirous of feeing him immediately. Sir Edward accordingly went in queft of him, and found it was neceffary, for the prefent, to relinquifh the engagement with Hamilton. That day the Mortimers, old

 and

and young, had gone to the captain's cottage, which the old gentleman wiſhed to viſit, in order to give directions, and was to return in the evening. Our hero, after dinner, ſtrolled along the Arundel road, not without ſecret hopes of meeting the company, of which his beloved Maria was one. The Mortimer family, by taking a different road, did not meet with our hero, and having returned to Brighton, learned that Hamilton had taken an afternoon-walk, and was not returned. John concluded he had met with ſome engagement, and his own family conceiving the ſame opinion, the Mortimers and Hamiltons parted for the night, and the former had ſupped, and were preparing to go up ſtairs to bed, when the ſervant, a ſimple country lad, ran into the parlour with terror and conſternation, and addreſſing his maſter, exclaimed, "Oh, zir, this be a terrible

pleace; there is a murder juſt done by the church; the two poor gentlemen that comes ſo often here, the baronight." "Who," ſaid Captain Mortimer, "and 'Squire Hamilton, are lying a corpſe." Maria, in the moſt terrible apprehenſions, from the exordium of this narration, at its concluſion, fell lifeleſs on the ground. The captain and his brother, both imputing this paroxyſm of grief to her love for Hamden, recommended to young Mortimer the care of his ſiſter; ran towards the place which the ſervant mentioned, hoping that the accounts might be falſe; yet, in their agitation, took no pains to examine the man, as to the ſource and particulars of his information. Mortimer, with the aſſiſtance of Maria's maid, at length brought her to her ſenſes, but only to open to her viſions of deſpair. She inſtantly conceived that Hamilton had un-

bofomed himfelf to his rival, and that the pride of difappointment overpowering the generofity of the baronet's difpofition, they had quarrelled and fought, and that fhe was the caufe of her beloved Hamilton's death. She called on his name in the phrenzy of defperation; vowing, that fhe would follow him, and be buried in the fame grave. Mortimer, though extremely anxious to inquire more particularly into the fate of his friend, could not leave his fifter, who exhibited fymptoms of diftraction, that he was afraid might terminate in infanity. A phyfician being immediately fent for, and hearing the cafe, adminiftered a compofing draught, which gave to Mifs Mortimer a temporary oblivion of her grief. Young Mortimer now fallied forth, anxious to learn the particular circumftances of the death of his friend; wifhing, yet fearing, to mingle

gle his ſorrow with the grief of Charlotte; he betook himſelf, to the houſe of Mrs. Hamilton. Approaching the door, all was dark; liſtening in expectation to catch the ſounds of mourning, all was ſtill, and wore the appearance of ſleep undiſturbed; perhaps it was the tranquillity of exhauſted nature, obtaining ſome repoſe, after the paroxyſms of lamentation; ſhould he interrupt the ſhort intermiſſion of woe, ſoon enough would mother and ſiſter be fully awake to the ſenſe of irretrieveable loſs. Now he would indulge the melancholy pleaſure of contemplating his fallen friend, ſo ſoon to be mingled with primeval duſt. The clock had ſtruck twelve; it was the gloomy ſtillneſs of departing October, without a breath of wind, or any ſound to be heard, except the hollow murmur of the becalmed ſea. As Mortimer walked up the Downs, to the

the reported ſcene of his friend's aſſaſſination, he reached the church, there expecting to find a croud, ſeeking or bearing the corpſe. He thought he heard voices at a diſtance;—he moved towards the place whence they iſſued; a tall figure approached by the pale and twinkling light of the fading ſtars; it appeared, either to his ſenſes or fancy, to reſemble the murdered Hamilton. Mortimer, though a young man of vigorous underſtanding, ſound and rational piety, without any conſciouſneſs of ſuperſtition, yet, believing in the immortality of the ſoul, could ſee no impoſſibility in the appearance of diſembodied ſpirits: what was poſſible, though not probable, might exiſt. He was riveted to the ſpot; from the approaching figure a voice iſſued, "Keep your diſtance, as you value your life." The voice was Hamilton's; he could not diſobey the awful intermination;

tion; ſtrong as his nerves were, they were not a match for his ſenſations; the figure paſſed on,—Mortimer ſank to the ground; at length recovering, he, with ſlow and trembling ſteps, crept homewards: meeting a watchman at the outſkirts of the town, he begged for his arm and aſſiſtance, and was conducted to his houſe; entering, he found his father and uncle juſt returned, after a ſearch entirely unſucceſsful: ſtill leaning upon the watchman's ſhoulder, with his knees tottering, his face ſtaring, wild, and bloodleſs, he preſented himſelf to his aſtoniſhed friends. "Good Heavens! what is the matter?" ſaid his father. "I have ſeen him," replied he, in a hollow voice. "Seen whom?" ſaid his uncle. "My dear deceaſed friend, William Hamilton." The hearers eagerly inquired, when, where, how: before he

could anſwer, there was a tap at the parlour window;—one light only glimmered on the table, in crowding too near which, ſome perſon overturned it, and it blew out; the tap was repeated, and a voice, pronouncing John Mortimer, was diſtinctly heard: the company, which had received the addition of Hodge, the footman, made no anſwer; a ſoft knock was heard at the ſtreet-door,—no attention was paid; the watchman declared his inability to return alone to his ſtation, and the dawning morn found them all aſſembled in the ſame ſpot. The reflection of John at length operating, he imputed his apprehenſions to ſome accidental reſemblance, and he retired to reſt;—after broken and confuſed ſlumbers, finding it in vain to hope for comfortable ſleep, he was preparing to riſe about ten, when the voice of his

ſiſter aſſailed his ears, calling, with phrenzy, upon her murdered Hamilton. As he was haſtily equipping himſelf, he heard a loud ſcream at the door of his apartment, which quickly opened, and there appeared the very image which he had ſeen on the Downs the night before. Gazing intently, he faultered, "you certainly are Hamilton's appatition." "Apparition!" replied the figure; when the voice of Maria through a thin partition aſſailed his ears:—"my only love,—my murdered Hamilton, I will follow him to the grave." Mortimer was ſtaring on his viſitant, but on the laſt words that iſſued from the next room, haſtily ruſhed thither. Maria perceiving the ſpectre, ſtretched out her hands, but ſank into inſenſibility. Mortimer ruſhed in, ſaw his ſiſter again lifeleſs, and heard from the ſpectre the mildeſt tones of

impaſſioned love; ſtill, under the impreſſion which had been conveyed ſo deeply the former night, he approached the figure—not without fear and trembling; but the ſpectre aſking him, in a tone at once calm and pathetic, what cauſed the illneſs of his beloved Maria, and happening accidentally to touch him, John was convinced it was not only a viſible, but a tangible ſpirit. "Good Heavens!" ſaid Mortimer, "my deareſt friend, Hamilton, you you—are are alive." The figure, without anſwering this application, continued addreſſing Maria, who, opening her eyes, and again beholding Hamilton, relapſed into inſenſibility. At this inſtant, Charlotte Hamilton haſtily entering the room, ſaid to him, "Good God, "William, what a ſtrange report there is through the town, that you were murdered

dered last night, and that your ghost appeared near the church." Mortimer, eagerly taking hold of the figure that stood before him, and feeling the same hard muscular arms, and examining him with an accuracy that evidently surprized the object of scrutiny; "do you know, Hamilton, I thought you was dead: this notion operated so strongly upon me, that I was convinced I had seen your ghost." "But," replied the other, "my dearest Charlotte, administer to my beloved angel." "The same idea," said Mortimer, now more master of himself, "operated upon my sister." Charlotte now reminded them of their being in Maria's apartment, in circumstances, which from her suggestion, they first recollected; and on seeing marks of reanimation, before Maria could again distinguish her lover, they withdrew. Mortimer,

timer, satisfied that his identical friend was now by his side, alive and well, before he thought of entering on the particulars of the report, or it's foundations, somewhat impressed with the apprehensions of his sister, that a fatal quarrel had taken place between Hamilton and Hamden; "poor Hamden," he said, "was an amiable and accomplished man, and I lament his death." "Death," said Hamilton, "I do not think his wound is dangerous." "I am surprized, my dear friend," said Mortimer, "that being to have such an encounter, you did not apply to me." "How could I?" said the other, "when it was so unexpected." "Did you fight with sword or with pistols?" "First sword, and then pistols." "Did you wound Sir Edward with a ball?" "I wound Sir Edward," said Hamilton, "what do you

mean?"

mean?" At this inſtant a note was brought to our hero, which opening, he read as follows:

"My brave deliverer,

"I am juſt able to inform you, that the Surgeon this morning pronounces me out of danger; but, as writing ſomewhat pains me, I can only ſay, that I owe my life to you. Your moſt grateful

"EDWARD HAMDEN."

Hamilton having ſhewed Mortimer this letter, he informed him of the circumſtances, which it ſeems were as follow:

Being now the end of October, and the evenings ſoon cloſing in, night overtaking him, firſt reminded him of the expediency of returning; finding, however, that he was not far from Shoreham-bridge, where there was a com-

comfortable inn, he walked thither, and ordered ſome coffee, which was brought him in a public room; there were ſeveral perſons in the apartment, and the converſation happened to turn upon foot-pad-robberies, which, though in that neighbourhood very unuſual before, had taken place the preceding evening near Arundel, and were aſcribed to part of a gang of ſmugglers, whoſe contraband goods had been ſeized a few nights before, by the cuſtom-houſe officers, and a party of dragoons. The banditti being thereby ruined, and deſperate, had taken to a courſe, with which the fraternity is well acquainted. Two or three very ſuſpicious fellows had paſſed eaſtwards in the duſk of the evening; our hero hearing this account, thought it would be neceſſary for him, in his return, to be cautious, and reſolved to take the upper, inſtead of the lower road, becauſe,

though

though solitary, he thought it less dangerous than a path that led along the precipitate cliffs; conscious of his own strength and courage, and generally walking with a strong sword-cane, he resolved to take his chance. A little before his departure, he observed one person in company eyeing him, rather sternly; he returned the examination, and saw, that in point of muscular strength, there could be little danger, if he had to encounter this fellow alone; and the person going out, he soon after sallied forth, that he might pass him, before he could be far enough from the houses to attempt an attack, or could join companions who were likely to be on the road; at a shed near the house, he saw sitting on a bench, a tall stout soldier, in the Highland dress, with the forty-second regiment on his buttons; he asked him which way he was bound;

the

the other anſwered in a Scotch accent, for Brighton, pleaſe your honour; I am come from Hilſea barracks, with a meſſage from the Colonel to Captain Malcolm Macniel of our regiment. Hamilton informing him he himſelf was going to Brighton, ſaid he would be very glad of his company; the ſoldier, with much pleaſure, embracing this propoſal, they ſet off. Hamilton, thoroughly confiding in the honeſt and intrepid countenance of his companion, aſked him if he ſaw a fellow paſs a little before he ſpoke; the other anſwered in the negative; but ſaid, that though he had nothing to loſe himſelf, hearing there were ſmugglers and footpads on the road between Hilſea and Arundel, he had brought a bayonet as well as a broad-ſword, and that either of them were at his honour's ſervice. Hamilton thanked him; but ſaid, he truſted

the ſword which he had would be ſuffi-cient, if there was any danger. When they had walked about half a mile, they heard a whiſtle; they moved cautiouſly, but firmly on. A little after, two villains ſprang upon our hero, and preſenting piſtols, demanded his money and watch. The ſoldier, whom not expecting, they had not obſerved, advancing ſoftly with his bayonet, ran it into one of the ruffians; the other fired a piſtol, which luckily miſſing Hamilton, he wreſted it from his hand, and felled the villain to the ground. Searching the ruffians, the con-querors found two brace of piſtols on each, all loaded except the one that had been fired; of theſe they poſſeſſed them-ſelves, as a further ſecurity upon the road; and leaving the fallen aſſailants, reſolved to proceed with all poſſible diſ-patch to the firſt inhabited place, to pro-cure aſſiſtance, which might at once

attend

attend to the wounds of the robbers, and ſecure their perſons. With this intent they walked forward till they came to a croſs road that turns to the north; and they were in a declivity, deſcending into a hollow between two hedges: here they heard a voice, calling, kill him; moving ſoftly forward, they ſaw a poſtchaiſe ſtanding, and heard a perſon praying they would ſpare his maſter. "I will be d——— if we do," ſaid the voice that they had firſt heard; the ſoldier whiſpered "Let us proceed, ſir, by ſurpriſe, as we once did in America, when ſix of us at night pretending to be a large party, took twenty priſoners;" and immediately called out, "ſurround the fellows—fire;" Hamilton obeyed the order; two men were wounded at the firſt round, the others being ſtill three in number; but ſuppoſing their adverſaries twice as many, ran different ways. Our hero

now coming to a gentleman that was lying on the ground, called to his servant and the poſtillion to aſſiſt in carrying him to a houſe, whilſt they ſhould watch againſt the return of the robbers; The ſervant, on hearing the voice of Hamilton, immediately ſaid to him with great eagerneſs, " Oh ſir, you are a friend of my poor maſter!" ' Who is he?" The other anſwered, " Sir Edward Hamden." " Good Heavens!" ſaid our hero, " I left him at Brighton only a few hours ago." Endeavouring to ſtop the blood, they directed the poſtboy to run for aſſiſtance to an adjoining farm-houſe, as it would be impoſſible for him to bear the jolting of the chaiſe. Help was immediately procured, and the wounded gentleman was carefully borne to the hamlet. Hamilton having ſome ſlight knowledge of ſurgery, found

means, with the aſſiſtance of the farmer's wife, to ſtop the further effuſion of blood, and a meſſenger was diſpatched for the moſt ſkilful ſurgeon in Brighton; but with ſtrict orders not to mention the name of the gentleman, leaſt his friends ſhould be prematurely alarmed. The ſurgeon ſoon arrived, and found that the wound did not proceed from a ball, as had been apprehended, but from a cutlaſs; and that, though the patient was faint from loſs of blood, there would be no danger, unleſs from a fever, the prevention of which would be the chief object of his regimen and medicinal applications; it was neceſſary in the firſt place, to keep the patient quiet. Leaving the room for that purpoſe, Hamilton had now an opportunity of learning the circumſtances of the accident, which were briefly theſe: After parting with

Hamilton,

Hamilton, Sir Edward had joined the gentleman that was in queſt of him, found that he was about to leave Brighton upon county buſineſs of conſiderable importance to Sir Edward's intereſt, but in which the baronet could not appear himſelf. Sir Edward, to converſe fully on the ſubject, accompanied him the firſt ſtage on his road to town, and having dined with him at Henfield, returned in the evening; the poſtboy having taken the circuitous, inſtead of the direct road, they were met by ſix fellows, who ſurrounded the chaiſe, demanding his money: Hamden at firſt offered them his purſe; they inſiſted alſo for his watch; this having deſcended to him from his father, he was reluctant to part with it, and pledged his honor, that the following morning he would pay one hundred guineas to any perſon that they

ſhould

ſhould ſend to Sir Edward Hamden, and that no queſtions ſhould be aſked. One or two of the fellows, who were young in the gang, propoſed to accept this offer; but the more experienced villains regarding it as a preſent evaſion, and future trap, not only refuſed to conſent, but were enraged againſt the propoſer; and while he ſtill urged his requeſt, one of the moſt deſperate called, "d—— your palaver, I'll put an end to that," and fired into the carriage. The Baronet, conceiving that their intention was now to murder him, determined it ſhould not be with impunity, returned the fire, which brought the ruffian to the ground; all the fellows had not piſtols, and though thoſe that had uſed them, yet, fortunately, the Baronet eſcaped; and while two kept the ſervant-boy, and another the poſtillion, the two

remaining

remaining fellows pulled Hambden out of the carriage; one of them hit him with a cutlass, and they were about to perpetrate the murder, when the intervention of Hamilton and his gallant comrade effected his delivery. The messenger that had sent the surgeon, though expeditious in executing that part of his commission, had not equally attended to the charge of secrecy; going in to take a social pot with one of his acquaintances, he had given a most tremendous account of the exploit that had been atchieved; he said, several gentlemen, however, had been murdered; he did not know the names of the rest, but two were Hambden and Hamilton. After this information, he left his friend, and returned home; the other quickly joining a party of acquaintances, informed them of the dreadful doings that had

been going on on the Church Downs, (for he brought the ſcene two miles nearer to Brighton) and that Sir Edward Hambden and Mr. Hamilton and ſix more were murdered; as it was yet hardly ten, the news ſoon ſpread through the whole place, and among others, reaching the footman of Mr. Mortimer, had cauſed the dreadful alarm which we have ſeen. Hamilton, having waited till Sir Edward's wound was dreſſed, had returned to town, and ſeeing a man at ſo late an hour, had uſed the words which John imputed to the ſpirit of his murdered friend. Having perceived a light in Mr. Mortimer's houſe, and heard the voice of John, he had knocked at the door, tapped at the window, called on his friend's name, and thereby cauſed ſuch conſternation: thus the myſtery was ſolved, and the ghoſt, like

other

other ghofts, proved to be flefh and blood.

Juft as Hamilton had finifhed his narrative, they heard, in the adjoining room, Maria eagerly addreffing her friend Charlotte: "Do not flatter my hope, my dear Charlotte, but is my William alive?" "Alive? he is, and has never been hurt." Hamilton, regardlefs of his dear Maria's fituation, rufhed into her apartment, and in a fond embrace, enjoyed the delight with which fhe received him, as if recovered from the dead: her father and uncle were foon informed of the actual circumftances of the encounter, and with the fincereft pleafure, learned that both Hamilton and Hamden were alive, and in no danger.

Hamden was brought to Brighton in a litter, and gradually recovered.

K2 During

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

During his convalefcence, our hero and Maria thought it would be unwife to explain to him the footing on which they were, and the time arrived for leaving Brighton before any eclairciffement took place.

CHAPTER X.

BEING returned to London, our hero chiefly devoted himſelf to literary purſuits, and eſpecially to the work which he had engaged to execute. As he had now advanced conſiderably in reputation, many applied to him for his judgment concerning literary works, and on other ſubjects. Female authors brought him their novels and diſſertations, and ſome of them appeared willing to ſubmit to any terms he choſe to preſcribe, provided Hamilton would give a favourable review of the productions of their brain. They cared little what their other works might be, if their literary works underwent a favourable inveſtigation. In reviewing the publications of men, Hamilton

milton was very fair and impartial. But the effusions of female pens he generally regarded with an eye of indulgence; and, indeed, a critic must be very austere, who, when an agreeable young woman brings her intellectual offspring for his inspection, will very severely scrutinize every part. Observations may be common-place, but a kiss of the fair deliverer's sweet lips, might convince even Aristarchus himself, that actions in which there is little novelty, may still be very pleasing. Perhaps there may be a small forgetfulness in such matters as nominatives and verbs, relatives and antecedents; *whom* where a pedantic grammarian might require *who*, or it may be spelling somewhat different from the formal stiffness of Dr. Johnson, or some little inadvertencies in the way of geography, chronology, or history, such as that the Earl of Essex commanded an expedition against

Calais

Calais in Henry Vth's wars; Algernon Sidney lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth; or that Admiral Hawke defeated the Spanish armada at La Hogue; or any little trifling mistake of that kind. The sweet smile of harmony and good humour will atone for a false concord. Our hero, in his criticisms upon the productions of ladies, shewed, that with him at least, the age of chivalry was not gone.

It was now the month of December, when one morning Hamilton was told a young woman wanted to speak to him. "I have seen her before," said the servant; "I remember her shop-woman to Miss Edging the milliner." "Oh, I suppose she must want you, Charlotte?" "Very probably," said Charlotte; "I expect a cap home." "No, miss, the cap will not be ready till to-morrow morning; it is my master she wants." Our hero accordingly attended in the

drawing-room, and ſaw a very pretty little girl about twenty, who ſomewhat flurried, and bluſhing, begged pardon for the great liberty ſhe had taken; "but when buſineſs is ſlack," ſhe ſaid, "during ſummer, I have been doing a little in the novel line; and Mr. Nincompoop, who keeps the eminent preſs for that kind of *larning*, and who is a moſt capital judge, has been pleaſed to think very well of it, and now it is publiſhed. But they tell me that it is of great conſequence to have it well ſpoken of in the Reviews. Having, therefore, the honour of ſerving your mother and ſiſter, and having, I believe, given them ſatisfaction, particularly in bonnets (for Miſs Hamilton is very partial to my bonnets); I have even had the honour of lacing cravats for you, ſir: therefore, ſir, I thought you would excuſe my freedom in begging a merciful criticiſm. I am a

young

young beginner, ſir, and I hope you will make allowances." "He muſt be a very inſenſible critic," ſaid our hero, "that could ſee ſo very ſweet a girl, and be diſpoſed to ſeverity." "Oh, ſir, you gentlemen do flatter ſo:" and now our hero, pulling a table before them, requeſted Miſs Lacecap to ſit down upon the ſofa, that they might with the more convenience look over the work together. On the ſofa accordingly did our author and our critic ſit. Miſs pulled out two volumes, one of which our author opening, read the title page, which was as follows: "The Maze, of Marvels: or, the Loves of Carolino and Athalia." "Very pretty ſoft names your hero and your heroine." "I am happy to have your approbation, ſir. I have an abſtract of the plot written, ſir." Accordingly ſhe produced a paper. "I have to obſerve, ſir, that what put the plot in my

 head

head firſt, was reading a book called Ovid, I believe Dryden is the author, where there was a very pretty affecting ſtory, called, ‘Pyramid and Thiſby.’ I dare ſay you know the ſtory?” “Yes, I recollect ſomething of it.” “Now, ſir, I think a great deal in a ſtory is a pretty name.”

“Story—Carolino and Athalia often ſee one another at a *windore*, and being both extraordinary handſome, they fall in love with each other; but their parents being rival ſhopkeepers, is not friends, and ſo they are againſt the lovers, and they are obliged to whiſper ſecretly through a crany in the wall of the back-yard. Accordingly they lament that they cannot be oftener together and nearer, and agree to have an aſſignation in a church-yard, when the neighbours ſhould be in bed.” “A church-yard!” ſaid our hero; “is not that a melancholy ſcene for a meeting of lovers?” “Oh, no. In the ſtory-book

book Pyramid meets with Thiſby in a church-yard, near a great lord's tomb, for it ſeems lords did not then bury in the church. To be underſtood, I ſuppoſe, the church-yard to be near town, at Mary-le-bone, for inſtance; ſo off they ſet out to meet. Athalia gets firſt to the place." "Do not you think that makes Carolino very ungallant?" "Oh no, ſir. You ſee Carolino is her firſt love, and ſhe has been to boarding ſchool, and reads novels and love-ſtories, and is therefore the more coming. Thiſby, in the ſtory, gets to the church-yard before Pyramid; it is as it were more a novelty to her." "A moſt excellent comment upon Ovid's Thiſbe," ſaid our hero." "Yes Sir," ſaid the young lady, ſimpering; "that ſame Ovid knew our *ſect*." By this time, in the progreſs of criticiſm, our Longinus's hand happened to have doubled the fair Sappho's neck, with its

course directed onwards, and his lips had reviewed hers in a kiss. When after an "a fie, sir," in which the smiling eyes did not correspond with the chiding tongue, she went on; "Athalia is flustrated, on finding Carolino not there; but in a few minutes he comes, a little afraid at being in the dark alone in so dismal a place, and whistling 'Lango Lee,' to keep himself in courage." "Do you think that a natural circumstance?" "Oh, yes, I once knew an instance myself: A gentleman belonging to the guards (but interrupting the instance)——the bravest man in the world might be afraid of apparitions." "Certainly, no hero that was to meet with so lovely a girl as you, in a sweet solitary retirement, could be under the influence of fear." "No, sir, Carolino and Athalia are not afraid after they do meet; then they have something else to think of. But we will go on with the story

ſtory if you pleaſe, ſir." "Carolino and Athalia meet at the gate of the Mary-le-bone burying-ground, by the light of the moon, and they embrace one another with the warmeſt affection, and reciprocate the ſweet ſtrains of love; when a watchman, almoſt at their ears, calls paſt twelve o'clock." Here the author obſerved, "I did not know, ſir, how to bring in a lion, becauſe them kind of beaſteſſes are not to be found in the fields; but only at Exeter Change, and the Tower." "Why, my fair friend, you obſerve probability much better than many of your ſiſter noveliſts, and perhaps a watchman might occur to your fancy as a more probable intruder into ſuch a tender ſcene than a lion." "Oh yes, ſir, but let us go on." "The lovers, to eſcape the queſtions of the watchman, croſs the New Road into the fields near the Jews Harp. For ſeveral months the fond lo-

vers

vers have interviews, but ah the cruelty of deſtiny! poor Athalia finds a change in her ſhape, which a cruel and unfeeling world is ſo malignant as to cenſure. She is likely to be a mother without being a wiſe." "Poor Athalia!" ſaid the critic; "but one comfort to her is, her caſe is not ſingular." "Alas! no," ſaid the author; and here ſhe ſighed, and was in ſome little agitation; but our hero either not noticing, or not appearing to notice her, proceeded, and read in the ſynopſis "a pathetic letter of Athalia to Carolino, on diſcovering her condition." Hamilton turned to the place, and read as follows:

"My beloved Carolino,

"How ſhall I communicate to you the fatal ſecret; alas! I am betrayed. I will not reproach you. I am betrayed into *miſtake* by the ſoft ſenſibility of too

tender

tender a heart. I cannot reproach you; I can only blame myſelf, and a worthleſs and malignant world. Ah! why (as the king of German moraliſts obſerves ſo ſtrongly) ſhould that be reckoned diſhonourable in event which proceeds from no malevolent intention? Why ſhould the indulgence of the ſweeteſt of affections be reckoned a crime? Why ſhould it be deemed ſhameful to obey the impulſes of nature? Ah! when ſhall the corruptions of ſociety ſuffer actions to be eſtimated according to the divine ſentiments of the "Virgin of the ſun," even after the title ceaſed to be applicable. When, like Clara and Lindor, ſhall we look on ſuch incidents as innocent and even laudable. I need not ſay, ſhall *we* look, but ſhall a worthleſs and wicked world look upon ſuch occurrences in the right point of view. Oh! ſentiment, thou ſource of every thing that is great, and noble, and refined,

refined, how are thy rights violated! It was only laſt night, juſt as I had returned from meeting him that is ſo dear to my ſoul, my mother, I found, had diſcovered *the ſacred ſecret of my heart*: alas, to be a ſecret no longer, for to her it was not long confined. Theſe human monſters, theſe foes to all fine ſentiment, theſe repreſſors of all delicate feeling!" "Who can theſe be," ſaid our hero? "Oh, ſir," ſaid the author, "do not you know who it means. I thought that one of the beſt parts of my deſcriptions: but you will ſee as you go along." Our hero ſtill not diſcovering, ſhe ſaid in a half whiſper, "I mean, ſir, *the pariſh officers*, but I did not know how far they could with propriety be mentioned in a pathetic ſcene. Perhaps you would object to their introduction after interviews of ſentimental love and tenderneſs." "Their introduction," ſaid our hero, "frequently takes

takes place after ſcenes of ſentimental love: but let us go on with the letter. "And they ſay that theſe brutes in human ſhape, are endeavouring to get hold of my charming Carolino, becauſe he has felt the delicacy of refined ſentiment for his Athalia,—becauſe we have loved beyond vulgar rules. Oh, my Carolino, elude their ſearch, and when ſafe beyond their juriſdiction, inform your doating Athalia."

From the letter he returned to the ſtory: "Carolino betakes himſelf to ſea, and according to the ſong, 'Syrens in every port he finds;' but being a brave fellow, and becoming an able ſeaman, riſes in his profeſſion; in a year or two is made a captain, and takes a Spaniſh prize; his ſhare of which is about two hundred thouſand pounds. He purchaſes a fine eſtate, and is made a lord. In all this time he forgets ſentiment and poor Athalia;

lia; but ſhe adheres to ſentiment and elevation of mind. She incurs great diſtreſs, *advertiſes in the newſpapers for the protection of a man of honour and ſentiment:* finds one in a worthy gentleman who benignantly undertakes the cauſes of diſtreſſed fellow-creatures, perſecuted by the rigidity of the law. From this protector, ſhe paſſes to one of his clients, who is extricated from the danger by which he is threatened, and afterwards accompanies a friend of his on his travels. Returning after a great variety of adventures, ſhe ſtill ſolicits and obtains patronage; and while under her ſucceſſion of guardians, ſhe cheriſhes her exalted ſentiments, and preſerves her mind conſtant to her firſt lover." "In ſhort," ſays our hero, "Athalia appears to be like a ſhip, which having one captain, has a great number of lieutenants, that in turns ſuperintend the quarter-gallery in his abſence."

"I hope,

"I hope, however, the captain comes on board at laſt." "Oh, yes ſir, I bring it all right before the end." "She comes home; finds her boy, who, as the great Rouſſeau directs, had been ſent to the Foundling, a fine youth of eighteen, enliſted in the guards; but totally ignorant of his parents. She makes herſelf known, and promiſes in a few days to inform him who was his father; The very next evening he reſcues a gentleman from robbers. The gentleman takes him to his houſe, and behold, it is diſcovered that he is his own father Carolino, now earl of Muſcadello, Baron Bobadilio. Finding his Athalia is ſtill alive, he inſtantaneouſly repents, and has a tender interview, in which ſhe acknowledges all her *miſtakes*, at leaſt as many of them as ſhe can remember. The earl finds that her heart and ſentiment had been uniformly true to him, recovers all his former love,

marries

marries her, and procures an act for the legitimation of his son, who is thenceforth my Lord Bobadilio: is first a great rake, but after continuing three years in that capacity, falls in love with Lady Bella Rosebud, marries her, and becomes instantly eminent for virtue and religion. The earl and countess of Muscadello, my lord and my lady Bobadilio, vie with each other in holiness, wisdom, and goodness. Carolino and his Athalia, when they behold the children of their beloved Bobadilio sporting before them, contemplate with delight the Mazes of Marvels, and see sentiment triumphant, and bless the happy night when they first met at Mary-le-bone burying ground, and crossed into the fields between the Jews-harp and old Mother Red-cap's. "Now for the moral. It is in the last sentence, sir; that is the right place you know, sir, for the *moral.*" "So your sister novelists seem to think, and

with

with many of them it is certainly the only place."

"Hence we may learn that the higheſt perfection of human nature is ſentimental refinement; that endowed with this gift, though youth may fall into thoſe *miſtakes** from which humanity can never be

* Miſs Lacecap here uſes a different word from many of her ſiſter noveliſts when expreſſing the ſame idea. With them the favourite word is *error*. If a man ſeduces the ſiſter, daughter, or wife of his friend, that is an *error*. If a woman leaves her huſband for a gallant, thepoor lady is in an *error*. Should a young lady, in the elegant periphraſis of modern novels, be a mother without being a wife, the unfortunate girl is in an *error*. However, I think Miſs Lacecap's phraſe of miſtake may anſwer the purpoſe as well, and may alſo ſuit in other kind affections as well as love. Should a perſon's ſentimental ſuſceptibility, inſtead of your wife or your daughter, fancy your purſe or your watch, and under the influence of too ardent paſſion, happen to put his hand into your pocket, why not call this error a miſtake? Or ſhould the ſame ſuſceptibility be turned towards your cups and ſpoons, and ſhould its votary with two or three more

be free, and to which ſentimental ſuſcep-tibility is peculiarly expoſed from its ex-quiſite fineneſs, yet the heart will regain its purity and elevation, and after the rectification of venial miſtakes, reſplen-dant brilliancy of character will enſue. Cultivate then, my dear young friends, above all excellencies, ſentimental refine-ment."

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more as ſentimental as himſelf, pay your houſe a nocturnal viſit and elope with the beloved objects, why ſhould not this error be called a *miſtake?* Or if one ſhould happen to put another perſon's name to a bill or bond inſtead of his own, ſoft and ſentimental phraſeology may alſo call that a miſ-take.

Fielding has expreſſed it otherwiſe. For in-ſtance: We do not find that Miſs Maria Seagrim, the ſentimental ſenſibility of whoſe heart had be-trayed her into error with Will Barns, Tom Jones, and Square the philoſopher, is even, by the eloquence of Parſon Supple, exhibited with ſuch courtly circumlocution. See the chapter in which that worthy clergyman informs Squire Weſtern and Sophia of the ſtate of the too ſuſceptible Ma-ria, with the penetration and facetious remarks of the ſquire on the occaſion.

" Well, ſir," ſaid miſs riſing, making a curtſey, " How do you approve of my work?" " It is like yourſelf, lovely and charming." " Would you have the goodneſs, ſir, to write a review of it?" " I can refuſe nothing to ſo fair an applicant, I could be the Carolino myſelf to ſuch an Athalia." He now thought he heard ſome one on the outſide of the door, and did not doubt but female curioſity in the perſon of the maid might be liſtening to what was going forward; he accordingly ſuſpended ſome *part* of his remarks, and made an appointment for the evening, by which time, he ſaid, he ſhould do full juſtice to the ſubject; and after again very cloſely reviewing her lips, he aſked if ſhe would not ſee his mother and ſiſter, and they parted. Our hero accordingly ſet about the review, which he executed to the following purport. " It was avowedly and evidently the

the work of the young beginner, but displayed confiderable genius. Led by fancy, more than experience and actual knowledge, the author had too much given way to the marvellous; but on the whole, it far furpaffed the ufual productions of Mr. Nincompoop's prefs." This review, with a favourable analyfis, and the beft fpecimens that could be felected, our critic carried to the fair author, who was very much gratified.

About this time a new fpecies of writings began to make its appearance in works of fancy, and profeffed imitation of life and manners. Le Sage and Fielding had carried the exhibition of human nature and paffions, the manners and characters of the times, to a degree of perfection that has not been equalled, and fcarcely could be furpaffed. Mifs Burney purfuing the fame track, but poffeffing greater originality of genius, introduced

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an extenſive variety, not reſembling Fielding in detail, but like him, copying from life—excelling in ſtrength of delineation and in humour of colouring. Leſs comprehenſive in range, but acute in obſervation, picturеſque in deſcription, intereſting in tale, impreſſive in character, and pathetic in incident, ſituation, and feeling, Charlotte Smith headed a different ſpecies of juſt repreſenters of conduct, character, and paſſion. From the ſtrong, but ſomewhat coarſe and farcical ſatire of a Roderic and honeſt Strap, to the delicate tenderneſs of Adelina, Emeline, and Godolphin, the various claſſes of the comic epopee, appear to have been exemplified by maſterly writers, all adhering to exiſting or probable archetypes. The Receſs and Emma Corbet, verging to the province of Melpomene rather than Thalia, are ſtill imita-

tions of probability. Genius, ardent after novelty, will ſometimes leave an old road, not becauſe it may not lead it to its journey's end, but becauſe it is old. There was at this time a great diſpoſition to literary innovation, that ſhewing itſelf on ſubjects of ſerious reaſoning, religion, morality, and politics, was alſo manifeſt in works of amuſement. Conception far out-went actual exiſtence and experience. The object of ingenuity appeared to be to enchain and petrify by aſtoniſhment more than to allure by pleaſure, impel by profit, or guide by wiſdom. There was a very prevalent diſpoſition to queſtion eſtabliſhed truths, and to tranſcend admitted probabilities; and while ſerious pretenders to philoſophy propoſed new principles and rules for governing ſocial and political man, literary diſpenſers of amuſement alſo

chalked out a new ſyſtem of tales and exhibitions, and inſtead of the probable, frequently ſubſtituted the marvellous. Some perſons of great genius began, and others followed this ſtyle of writing. The Eloiſe of Rouſſeau rendered it very popular on the continent. It glided along all the eccentricities and eaſy extravagance of the French ingenuity, and was dragged through all the ſtudied wildneſs of German labour. Genius relieved the marvellous by the probable, introduced its fanciful beings in circumſtances which, diminiſhing or overpowering the incredible, gave full force to the appearance; while pains-taking dulneſs never failed to introduce ſuch adjuncts and appendages as broke the ſpell, and ſhewed the improbable abſurdity. Shakeſpeare could manage a ghoſt; but if he introduced a ghoſt, he brought ſuch a being

discovering a foul and unnatural murder, not amusing himself with a tune on an organ. This new style of writing, or old romance revived, generated or regenerated in France or Switzerland, received its clothing from the literary taylors of Germany; and a ponderous garbit was containing the heavy armour and escutcheons, and heraldic blazonry of the feudal times, and the motly patch-work of modern illuminism. It obtained from its uncouth enormity, the name of the *Gigantesque*. If dexterity or skill happened, at any time, to betake themselves to this species of exhibition, they excited a horror and amazement, which, for a time, might suspend the faculties of the reader, but the gross improbability soon dispelled the deception; but it was reserved for English genius so to temper the marvellous with the probable, and so to mingle both

both with the pleaſing and pathetic, as to hurry on the reader wherever the writer choſe. Such were the reflections of our hero, when the "Romance of the Foreſt" was firſt ſent for his critical examination. The able and inventive author chuſing a different tract from a Burney and a a Smith, and accommodating herſelf to the growing taſte for the gigantеſque, admitted it with the modifications of judgment in her ſcenery and machinery, but did not chuſe it as the ground-work of her ſtory. The actual tale is natural, and during the age and manners which ſhe deſcribes, is probable. No object is actually preſented which was not within the compaſs of known exiſtence at the time. The impreſſions though ariſing from imaginary beings, were natural in the characters and ſtate of mind repreſented. An innocent and inexperienced girl, dejected with the conſciouſneſs of

her destitute situation, conceiving herself the victim of villany and treachery, where she for a time had experienced protection, torn from the man that she loved, and apprehensive of violation from the man that she hated, in a vast and desolate edifice, which she had recently discovered to be the scene of murder, hearing noises at the still hour of midnight, is perfectly consonant to nature, in apprehending a visitation from the apparitions of the dead. The fears which disturb the marquis, and drive him from the abbey, the scene of conscious murder, is perfectly consonant to the feelings of enormous guilt. La Motte vacillating between the depravity of habitual indulgence ripened into profligacy, and the remains of honourable and virtuous feelings, by temporary impulse driven to crime, but by the remnants of humanity held from hardened atrocity, is a charac-

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ter at once natural and inſtructive, and very forcibly pourtrays the proclivity of pleaſurable vice. The paſſions, characters, and manners, are in this production natural, ſtriking, and impreſſive; the fable in its principal conſtituents, ſufficiently probable to intereſt the reader in the fortunes of the actors; the deſcriptions of external nature, perhaps too exuberant; but it is the exuberance of genius prompted by taſte and ſenſibility, exquiſitely ſuſceptible of the beauties of nature; ſhe cannot reſtrain her fancy from expatiating on ſubjects which have afforded to herſelf ſo delightful ſenſations and images. Her marvellous is not improbable. Such were the critical reflections of our hero on his examination of this novel, together with the taſte of the times, when it made its appearance. He predicted, however, that attempted imitation, by inferior genius, would inundate

date the public with monſtrous fictions, bearing no reſemblance to any thing that ever exiſted in any age or country, and as it afterwards appeared, he was not miſtaken in his prophecies.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIX.

Our Hamilton employed the winter in Parliamentary attendance, literary criticiſm, and the commencement of the great work which he had undertaken.

The hours that he could poſſibly ſpare from the imperious calls of engagement and duty, were chiefly enjoyed in the company of his beloved Maria. Captain Mortimer having buſineſs that required his frequent attendance at the admiralty, found it neceſſary for ſeveral months to reſide in London, and his brother being obliged to return to Yorkſhire, earneſtly requeſted and obtained permiſſion for Miſs Mortimer to remain with him in town. Beſides his fondneſs of the com-

pany of his niece, the captain had another reaſon which, without mentioning to her, he communicated to his brother. Sir Edward Hamden, though by his wound unable to follow Miſs Mortimer to London, had declared to her father and uncle, that the firſt uſe he ſhould make of his recovery, would be to throw himſelf at her feet. Sir Edward's wound, though never dangerous, had been more ſerious than was firſt apprehended, and the cure was tedious, procraſtinated perhaps by the irritation of his impatience, and January arrived before he was able to reach London. Hamilton earneſtly entreated Maria to conſent to his undeceiving the captain, her father, and Sir Edward, and to become immediately his. But ſhe ſo ſtrongly repreſented the effect which ſuch a diſappointment might have on Hamden, in his unconfirmed ſtate of health, that he, however reluctantly, ſuſpended

pended his application. John Mortimer, after a long attention and repeated avowals of affection for Miſs Hamilton, at laſt obtained an acknowledgment of a return: but, aware of the eager deſire of his father and uncle that he ſhould avail himſelf of the appointments which he had procured, ſhe, however contrary to her own inclinations, urged him to depart; and to add force to her inſtances, gave him a conditional promiſe, that if he complied with the wiſhes of his friends in going, ſhe ſhould comply with his on his return. His deſtination was Paris, a ſcene which before his acquaintance with Charlotte, he had long wiſhed to behold; and which a totally new ſet of actors had, within a few months, rendered a different ſpectacle from what it exhibited at any former period. It was the beginning of February, however, before he ſuppoſed all the proper diſpo-

ſitions made for his miſſion, which was principally commercial with an eventual opening to ſome political truſts.

Hamilton found the wound inflicted by the aſſaſſins upon Hamden, tolerably healed, but the wound from the bright eyes of Maria, more deep than ever. He renewed his addreſſes, but though Maria received him with the reſpect due to his rank and virtues, and the compaſſion excited by his ſufferings, yet ſhe continued firmly to aſſure him, that his ſuit could never be ſucceſsful. Being repeatedly urged, ſhe, with much reluctance, and downcaſt looks, confeſſed that her heart was irretrievably engaged by another, who poſſeſſed it long before ſhe had the honour of being known to him. She did not doubt but he would immediately diſcover who the other was, but ſhe was miſtaken. Of Hamilton he had no conception, and it may ſeem ſurpriſing,

that to a man of his penetration this was the caſe; but it was ſo. The truth was, Captain Mortimer, from the warmth of his friendſhip, eager for the marriage of Hamilton with Miſs Primroſe, had paſſed from wiſh to hope, and from hope to conviction, and publicly talked of it as a matter certain. The report was current through Brighton. It had been, by officious curioſity and goſſiping impertinence, repeatedly introduced before the young lady herſelf, and it was eaſily diſcerned that ſhe liſtened with confuſion, but not with diſpleaſure. Her mother, loving the daughter for her child's own ſake, and not regarding her as a mere inſtrument of her own vanity and ambition, was reſolved in the moſt momentous action of her life to conſult her happineſs, and not the increaſe of wealth, which ſhe did not want, or the acquiſition of title, which might not augment her ſolid comfort and enjoyment; and not to op-

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poſe her union with any gentleman of ſenſe, honour, and character, who might win her daughter's affections. She had ſoon diſcovered Louiſa's partiality for Hamilton, and having made particular enquiries, learned that though of ſmall fortune, he was a man of amiable and eſtimable character, with talents and acquirements which muſt throw a luſtre on any connection that he might form, and adorn any ſituation he might be called to fill. She was therefore not averſe to the wiſhes of her daughter, and when an opportunity offered, expreſſed her very high opinion of the gentleman in queſtion. She had ſeen Hamilton and her daughter twice or thrice in company together, when our hero, much intereſted by the engaging ſimplicity of Louiſa, and totally unconſcious of her ſentiments reſpecting himſelf, paid her every attention which benignant diſpoſition and

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moral approbation can prompt in a diſcerning and polite man towards a young, beautiful, and lovely woman, without any mixture of love. The mother in a great degree, and the daughter much more, had miſconſtrued theſe attentions, and neither of them doubted that the increaſed intercourſe that would probably take place during the winter, would produce a declaration. Various engagements with which the daughter would have gladly diſpenſed, but which the mother thought it neceſſary to fulfil, detained them till February between Brighton, Bath, and the country; and no explanation having taken place, it was believed by Sir Edward Hamden, and by others, except thoſe in Hamilton's ſecrets, that Miſs Primroſe was to beſtow her hand and fortune on Mr. Hamilton.

The Counteſs of Cockatrice, who ſtill

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kept up her acquaintance with our hero, was not without ſome knowledge of the truth, but was deſirous, for various reaſons, that a matrimonial connexion might be formed between our hero, and the great heireſs Miſs Mortimer. She had ſtudiouſly ſought an opportunity of knowing Maria, and though that young lady had declined her advances, and avoided intimacy, yet they had repeatedly met at public places. Cockatrice, herſelf diſcerning, diſcovered ability and penetration in Maria, and heard the ſame accounts from others, whom ſhe inſtructed to enquire and examine, much more than opportunity had enabled her to diſcover herſelf. To ſeduce the affections of married men, had nothing in it repugnant to the counteſs's moral creed, either ſpeculative or practical. It was indeed not to be expected, that ſhe who ſo little regarded her duty to her huſband, would

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care for the duty of another man to his wife. If Hamilton married Maria, the wife might be a formidable and overpowering rival, but if he ſhould wed the fortune of Miſs Primroſe, it would, ſhe apprehended, be no difficult matter to retain a ſuperior intereſt in his heart. Beſides, the counteſs, though a votary of love, coupled it as often as poſſible with ambition and intereſt, including pecuniary convenience. Like Lady Townly, ſhe much oftener wanted money than her huſband gave it, or indeed could give it. Drafts were returned from bankers, not honoured; alſo thoſe viſitations known by the name of executions, were familiar to Cockatrice's houſe; and though too common to be much regarded on their own account, yet they were aukward and troubleſome. The agents, of John Doe and Richard Roe, though officers, were not deemed pleaſing companions even by ladies.

ladies. No vifitants could be more likely to excite among many of the guefts, difagreeable recollections, or ftill more difagreeable forebodings, and fo to break the harmony of the company. But what was worfe than executions for the paft, was the refufal of credit for the future. The infolence of tradefmen often demurred at fending in goods where there was no chance of being paid; and thus the brilliancy of galas, the fplendour of drefs and equipage, muft fall infinitely fhort of right honourable tafte and conceptions. For all thefe, and many other good reafons, money was a very ufeful commodity, and if it could be acquired along with love, all the better. Now Hamilton by marrying Mifs Primrofe, would command a great fum of ready money, and as the countefs propofed to have the fway over Hamilton, her dominion would alfo extend to the cafh, which he

would receive from the fond affection of the heirefs, and fhe might have the lucrative fituation of co-partnery with the hufband in the property of the wife, as a fet-off againft her co-partnery with the wife, in the affections of the hufband, propofing in the laft cafe that the nominal chief of the firm fhould not be the acting partner. One objection the lady forefaw to the accomplifhment of this fcheme: without certainly knowing, fhe ftrongly fufpected that Hamilton was very deeply attached to Maria, but meafuring his fentiments by her own, fhe made little doubt that the very fine perfon of Maria was the fole object of his love. She well knew that Hamden was rapturoufly enamoured of Mifs Mortimer, and readily gueffed the reafon of the young lady's coldnefs. Entertaining apprehenfions that Hamilton was fo fond of Maria, that to gratify his inclinations he might marry her,

her, she considered whether, without disappointing the lover, it might not be possible to supersede the necessity of the ceremony. It appeared to the ready invention of this notable contriver, a very feasible project, that though Hamilton and Maria were not, she thought, rich enough to marry one another with prudence, they might love as much as they pleased; and then might respectively marry the heiress and the baronet for convenience, and might even manifest their affection after such nuptials had taken place. The countess, as we have seen, never wanted agents well fitted for carrying a project into execution. There was a widow lady of a moderate income, who having for several years lived respectably in a circle of acquaintances fitted to her rank, had at a watering-place made some great acquaintances, and became unfortunately smitten with the charms of fashion and high life.

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By complaiſance and ſubſerviency ſhe endeavoured to obtain that place in faſhionable circles, which her fortune little enabled her to fill. When John or Richard were out of the way or otherwiſe employed, Mrs. Dicky uſed to call at the milliner's, explain and enforce my lady's orders, or any other little odd jobs that might be wanted. For theſe good ſervices and attentions, ſhe was to have free egreſs and regreſs to the breakfaſt table, and in due time was admitted to dinner when there was nobody but themſelves, or perhaps grand mama and the young men with their governor come home from Eton, with the ſweet and charming Lady Selina, and the angelic Aurora, who though not twelve years old, had ſuch wonderful wit and accompliſhments, and could perform ſo divinely on the piano forte; knew God Save the King from Rule Britannia, and even could

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makeout partof a leſſon. Topraiſe ſoex-traordinary endowments, was one part of Mrs. Dicky's province, and if no company was expected for the evening, ſhe was to make one in the drawing-room to whiſtle to the bird, to play with Pompey, and celebrate his beauty; or while my lord, my lady, and their eldeſt ſon and daughter played a rubber at whiſt, to take a round game with the younger honourables, the governor and governante. Advancing in promotion, Mrs. Dicky became a member of larger parties, when my lord's ſiſter, Lady Betty, and her huſband Sir Ralph, came to pay a viſit, and two or three couſins of the family made up an evening party. Now Mrs. Dicky, inſtead of belonging to a light infantry detachment at a round table, was ſtationed as a corps of reſerve to bring up the rear at Caſſino or Whiſt was ſometimes aſked, to cut in if nobody

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elſe was to be had, and even has had the honour of holding my lady's own cards. Nor did her honours reſt here; while my lady and her party went to the opera with their elder hopes, Mrs. Dicky became chaperon to the governante and the younger ladies, when with the governor and the younger lords they went to the theatre to contemplate the ingenuity of Harlequin, and admire the wiſdom of mother Shipton triumphant. Aſcending higher in the ladder of faſhion, Mrs. Dicky roſe at laſt to a ſeat in my lady's own carriage, in which, like a lion retreating ſhe faced thoſe that purſued; and would accompany her lady to Hyde Park, nay, even to the opera itſelf. For ſuch a conſummation of glory, gratitude required very great efforts. Mrs. Dicky would abaſe herſelf to any humiliation, that ſhe might thereby be exalted. She would do homage to Mrs. Pinup, my lady's

maid, or to Mr. Secondhand, my lord's gentleman, that ſhe might thereby have a favourable report with my lady and my lord. She was the willing and humble agent of this my lady and my lord, and that my lady and my lord; adapting her expreſſions, ſentiments, and conduct to her right honourable patrons, whatſoever they might be. With the ducheſs of Whiglove, abuſing ſecret influence; and the counteſs of Placehunt, exclaiming againſt the coalition. Without ill-nature, retailing ſcandal to the counteſs of Backbite, and without benevolence, informing Lady Generous of a diſtreſſed widow and fatherleſs children. Among other acquaintances that Mrs. Dicky had made in the faſhionable world, was the counteſs of Cockatrice, for whom ſhe had made aſſignations, managed appointments, ſpread ſtories, depoſited jewels, arranged the ſubſtitution of Dovey's paſte,

paſte, and rendered various other ſervices; in ſhort, ſhewed herſelf willing, by any means in her power, to earn the favour of the counteſs. Cockatrice having arranged her plans, inſtructed Mrs. Dicky to make an acquaintance with Captain Mortimer, and gave her a clue by which ſhe might be favourably received by the honeſt and unſuſpicious ſeaman. Having learned that an officer of whom Mrs. Dicky had ſome ſlight knowledge, had been lately one of the captain's lieutenants, ſhe inſtructed her to call on the captain and make particular enquiries, ſpeak highly in praiſe of the youth, who ſhe had learned was a great favourite with the captain, and find ſome means of becoming acquainted with Maria. Mrs. Dicky executed the commiſſion with ſuch dexterity the very next evening, that Mortimer, pleaſed with the intereſt ſhe took in his young friend

friend Bowſprit, introduced her to Maria, and engaged her to dine the following day. Hamilton, who was one of the party, thought Mrs. Dicky a good paſſable common-place woman, of whom if he had never again heard, he would have never again thought. In a few days the counteſs of Cockatrice was to give a maſquerade, to which ſhe ſent tickets for our hero and three more, deſiring he would bring his friend Captain Mortimer and his niece, and alſo Miſs Hamilton. Our hero was not deſirous that either of the ladies ſhould be preſent on ſuch an occaſion, but the captain over-ruled his objections. Charlotte, however, reſolving to partake of no ſuch amuſement in the abſence of her beloved Mortimer, reſolutely refuſed to go. On the day of the maſquerade they were engaged to dine at Mrs. Dicky's, who was in the evening to ſee maſks before they went to Cockatrice's

atrice's houſe. The dinner was appointed at ſo unfaſhionable an early hour as four o'clock, and by the counteſs's aſſiſtance, without great ſhew, conſiſted of every delicacy that the ſeaſon afforded, with various ingredients adapted to the occaſion. Beſides the hoſteſs, Hamilton, the uncle and niece, there was one gentleman, who, both by precept and example, ſtrongly recommended the wines, and during dinner, the captain and he were very free with the madeira. Mrs. Dicky perſuaded Miſs Mortimer to join her and the reſt of the party in two glaſſes of champaign, and afterwards to taſte a highly-flavoured liqueur. In the courſe of the afternoon, ſhe prevailed on her to take a glaſs or two of wine more, ſo that ſhe had ſomewhat exceeded her uſual quantity, and a good deal more, as ſhe afterwards found, in the quality. The fruits were of the fineſt flavour, and

Maria remarked that in the grapes there was ſomething delicious and peculiar. The gentleman who acted as landlord poſ-ſeſſed a great degree of colloquial plea-ſantry; and he, together with the wine, ſet the brilliant genius and wit of our hero agoing. Maria was alſo very much ani-mated, and ſeveral bright ſallies eſcaped from her lips, while the penetrating ſpark-ling of her eyes even outwent the lively and forcible ſayings of her tongue. The ladies did not retire till coffee was an-nounced. In this beverage the young lady found alſo a flavour at once exquiſite and peculiar; and after it was finiſhed, the hoſteſs, with an urgency ſo polite, that ſhe could not reſiſt it without an ap-pearance of rudeneſs, prevailed on her to drink another glaſs of liqueur. From this apartment they aſcended to the draw-ing-rooms which, by the removal of a folding-door, made one, and though not

large, being ſplendidly illuminated, it added to the animation and ſpirits of the now volatile Maria. Mrs. Dicky now thought that the company of Hamilton and Maria might be mutually agreeable, and aſcended to the ſecond floor, where a temporary drawing-room had been made for the purpoſe; ſhe accordingly ſent for Hamilton, wiſhing, ſhe ſaid, to explain to him the mode and arrangement of a reception of maſqueraders, which would begin in the courſe of an hour. Having learned their intended dreſſes, ſhe had ordered them to be brought at eleven, by which time the maſks would be gone; meanwhile the dominos would ſuffice. After ſome immaterial converſation, a ſervant having aſked to ſpeak to Mrs. Dicky, ſhe requeſted them to excuſe her for a few minutes, and departed. Hamilton had drank ſo much wine, as to animate ſentiment and impulſe, while

it ſuſpended reflection; Maria was alſo much more enlivened than he had ever ſeen her; her eyes darted fire, and when turned to Hamilton, gliſtened with undiſſembled love. He ſwore he had never ſeen her ſo exquiſitely charming. She anſwered, "my deareſt William, I can return the compliment: I never ſaw you ſo lovely and ſo graceful." The reply to this anſwer was obvious; the fondeſt careſſes and endearments ſucceeded; but though prudence was aſleep, honour, though ſomewhat inclined to ſlumber, was not altogether overwhelmed, and fear, perhaps, proved as effectual a ſentinel. Apprehenſions of the arrival of their hoſteſs were unfounded, as ſhe had no intention of interrupting their converſation; but this forbearance our hero did not know. Soon after, the maſks began to make their appearance, and ſeveral charac-

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ters were well ſupported. One of the beſt was a Scotchman, carrying two ſnuff-mills, reſpectively repleniſhed with ſnuff of very different qualities and operations, which he deſcribed ; "the one (he ſaid) is conſtitutional, and the other innovation ſnuff. The firſt has a pleaſant wholeſome ſcent, and diffuſes an agreeable animation over the active faculties ; the ſecond is very highly flavoured, but ſo pungent and ſtrong, as to tear and overpower the olfactory nerves ; it is a compoſition of hartſhorn and ſal volatile, with the ſtrongeſt rue." Hamilton tried a pinch of each ; the firſt was mild and reliſhing. "Ye had better be ſparing of the other, or it will ſet your noſe a bluding ; it has already had that effect over the water ; an' if I dinna miſtaak, it will gar their noſes blude a great deal mair, if they go on with it ; and may bee it's ſtrength may ſtrain it's votaries,

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till they burſt blude veſhels." "Are there any ſo fooliſh, as to indulge in a ſcent ſo very pernicious ?" "Oh yes, there are fules eneugh in the warld : it is not, however, that the quality is altogether ſo noxious, as the quantity or the unſkilful application ; there are caſes in which it will du vara well ; for inſtance, in habits that are vara relaxed ; it may gee a better tone to the feebres ; in a palſy, it is the only ſpecific ; but on the contrary, if there is any thing faveriſh, it rapidly increaſes inflammation." "What are its effects upon a perſon in vigorous health ?" "When ane is weel, he is a damned fule to be dabbling in medicines." So ſaying, he was departing, when returning back, "let me gee you ae bit o' advice before I gang ; if you be naturally a little paper-ſculled and ſcatter-brained, have nothing to do with the innovation ſnuff, or it will make you

you as mad as a March hare, and you will do ſic a deviliſh deal of miſchief, that it will be neceſſary to blude you and drench you, and chain you to the bed-poſt; and ſometimes to divert the wildneſs of your phrenzy, your keeper may let you amuſe yourſelf with a rattle; even if you come back to your ſenſes, he will keep you confined for twa razons; firſt, becauſe it is his intereſt; and ſecondly, becauſe if you got looſe again, your indignation would certainly gar you daſh the fallow's brains out." "But if it have ſo maddening effects," ſaid Hamilton, "how am I to ſubmit to a keeper?" "Oh, he'll firſt flatter and cajole you, till he get you to take the ſtrait waiſtcoat; by degrees he'll bind you to a poſt, and afterwards chain you to the ground." Having thus deſcribed innovation ſnuff, it's progreſſive operations and ultimate reſult, he ſet

off to other hearers. Our hero next met a groupe, consisting of a representative and constituents, a lawyer and his client, and many others, breathing kindness, with a Harlequin Touchstone bringing their professions to the test of truth. The representative was accosting his electors immediately after the return; "Gentlemen," said he, with his hand on his breast, "language is inadequate to the task of expressing the grateful feelings of my heart, at this auspicious moment, that this ancient and honorable borough of Braywell has conferred on me the inexpressible happiness of supporting it's interests; I shall not lavish words in a multiplicity of professions, but shall briefly, yet I hope clearly, describe the line of conduct which I am determined unalterably to pursue; I shall (here Harlequin applied to his touchstone) bawl against the minister until he gives

gives me a place, and then bawl for him through thick and thin; as to you, you ſtupid blockheads—you gentlemen, forſooth, with blue aprons, I conſider you merely as ſteps for me to riſe upon, and when I am once up, you and your borough may go to the Devil." "I think," ſaid our hero, "the repreſentative has expreſſed himſelf briefly and clearly." An attorney was expatiating to his client, on his extraordinary diſintereſtedneſs, and eager anxiety for the ſervice of any one who ſhould commit a cauſe to his management; "for it is ever a rule with me (Harlequin touched the ſtone) to ſplit attendance into as many ſubdiviſions as poſſible, ſo as to multiply the ſix-and-eight-pences, by calling, and inſpecting, and attending, and adviſing, and engroſſing, and inſtructing, and every other item to long billing, and the client may"—(here

the ſpeech was not concluded). Next came, in the moſt engaging and humble ſmiles, a courtier, *booing* to the great man for a place; "I conſider myſelf as peculiarly fortunate in having the honor to be patronized by the virtues and talents of a ſtateſman, who (Harlequin was not idle) is one of the damnedeſt noodles that ever a poor applicant was obliged to flatter; a mere deſpicable nay and yea retainer of miniſtry; an impartial adherent to whatever ſide is uppermoſt." Next two came forward, one with the moſt ardent expreſſions of affection; "My deareſt friend, intimate companion of my infancy and youth, with what delight I received an obligation from my oldeſt and moſt beloved of comrades; your ſuperior talents formed and arranged our plans, and enforced our pretenſions, with a vigour of reaſoning, and an energy of eloquence,

eloquence, which would have been certainly ſucceſsful, if they had been carried into execution; but the failure was our fault, not yours. Oh! that I had an opportunity of teſtifying my grateful affection." The other replied, "an opportunity now occurs; I have a particular occaſion for two hundred pounds, with which, I need not ſay, I know you, who have two thouſand a year, can, and I have as little doubt, will, ſupply me."This application ſeemed to ſuperſede the neceſſity of the touchſtone. "Two hundred pounds!" ſaid he, faultering; "really I am extremely ſorry I could not ſpare ſo large a ſum; I have been at very great expence, and have many calls, imperious and indiſpenſible, for (Harlequin moved) I have thoughts of making alterations in my dog-kennel; I am about to purchaſe a couple of brace of hounds, I intend to give

give a grand gala, and" (here Harlequin made the other ſpeak) "where frivolous amuſement or ſilly vanity interferes, the friendſhip of an inſipid heart, governed by a weak head, is at an end." A lover now came forward, expreſſing the moſt paſſionate fondneſs and adoration for his miſtreſs, declaring that his happineſs depended ſolely upon the return ſhe made to the moſt ardent and honorable paſſion that ever inflamed a human breaſt; "it is the moſt earneſt deſire of my ſoul, (Harlequin touched the ſtone) to purſue my own gratification, by bringing you to miſery and ruin." A methodiſt preacher was ſufficiently characteriſtical; he whined and canted, made love to the women, procured contributions for charitable purpoſes, and kept the greater part to himſelf. The lady of the houſe now coming up, brought with her a domino, who,

who, ſhe ſaid, knew moſt of the people in the room, and was very well qualified for giving an account of them. "Obſerve," ſaid the domino, "that maſk ſo gorgeous in apparel, and reſplendent with jewels." "The very large woman with the red hair, you mean?" "The ſame; that is a great nabobeſs, juſt returned from the banks of the Ganges; her huſband, a journeyman druggiſt in Spitalfields, fell in love with her as ſhe uſed to carry beer from her father's, at the ſign of the Pewter Pot, and they married; an uncle of Mr. Peſtle having become a great merchant at Calcutta, ſent for his nephew, who accepted the invitation; went out; was taken into the buſineſs; in a ſhort time the uncle died, Peſtle got his fortune, became a great man, ſent for his wife, who obeyed the ſummons, and became as great a woman; but

but in the midſt of her ſplendour, retained all her vulgarity, which her airs and pompoſity rendered more glaringly conſpicuous: as a conſiderable portion of the ſociety in Calcutta is genteel, ſhe was a laughing-ſtock among the parties, and as ſhe was extremely arrogant, not a few attempts were made to mortify her to a ſenſe of her intrinſic inſignificance; ſhe was very deſirous of ſinking her origin, but the Pewter Pot being known, that was quite impracticable; they were now returned with a large fortune, tried to get into faſhionable ſociety, and did not find it altogether impracticable, as there are gentry and nobility, who, without reliſhing the company of Mrs. Peſtle, had no objection to the company of her huſband's money, which by flattering my lady's vanity, ſome of them find means to borrow; but whoever would gain or keep her favour, muſt care-

carefully abſtain from mentioning the Pewter Pot." The company now began to leave the houſe of Mrs. Dicky, and before twelve they were all departed, except our hero and heroine; they had both to make ſome change in their dreſs, before they joined the maſks at Cockatrice-houſe. Captain Mortimer had returned home, and gone to bed, the only ſcene for which he now, with three bottles of wine under his belt, was fit; Mrs. Dicky was departed, and not a ſoul there was in all the houſe, but one ſingle ſervant, at midnight, except Hamilton and Maria. William having deſcended to make ſome inquiry about his carriage, found that the only perſon, except Miſs Mortimer and himſelf, in the houſe, was an elderly domeſtic, whom he had interrupted in a comfortable ſleep by the kitchen fire, and who appeared diſpoſed to return again to the arms of Morpheus.

He now rejoined Maria, who was dreſſed with ſimple, but moſt attractive lovelineſs, as a Nun, while William had from ſome whim taken it into his head to act the part of Ovid. The maſter of the art of love, at midnight, alone, even with a Nun herſelf, was dangerous company, tending to demonſtrate the fragility of vows. Maria's flutter had been increaſed rather than diminiſhed, by the ſcenes of the maſquerade; Mrs. Dicky had prevailed on her to take ſome lemonade, which moſt unaccountably had the ſame peculiarity of flavour that ſhe had experienced in the fruit, liqueurs, wine, and coffee. Hamilton having taken her hands, the ſame kind of converſation inſenſibly revived, which the coming of maſks had, above two hours before, interrupted; Maria was extremely agitated, and when our hero claſping her in his arms, preſſed her to

his

his boſom, and declared his ardent wiſhes that ſhe were his wife;—" nay, my deareſt Maria, you are my wife, and as a huſband,"—here followed impaſſioned kiſſes, which poor Maria, with a quick ſigh, returned. One ſentiment only ſeemed to predominate, and the project of Cockatrice was on the eve of ſucceſs, when a noiſe in an adjoining apartment ſtartled Hamilton, and approaching the door, he heard a man's voice, ſaying, " take care of your footing, hold the ladder firm at the bottom." Immediately comprehending the caſe, he whiſpered to Maria to keep ſtill, put out the light, and having ſeen the key on his ſide, very ſoftly locked the door. There was ſtill the remains of a fire, in which a poker happened to be left; this weapon he ſnatched, and taking it for granted that ſome little time would elapſe before the ruffians could enter, he ſoftly conducted Maria

to the ſtair; juſt as they had got down a few ſteps, they obſerved the other door open, and a fellow come out with a dark lanthern; they were now in the turn of the winding, ſo that the fellow did not perceive them, but he returned again into the room. Our couple ſtole down by the light of the lamp to the ſtreet-door, where a coach was waiting for them; the watchman was paſſing, and at the deſire of our hero, ſprung his rattle. The ſound of this inſtrument alarmed the villains, and one of them being before the reſt, was running out at the ſtreet-door, when our hero's poker ſaluting him in the face, arreſted his ſteps. Several watchmen now entered the houſe, and ſearched, but could find no one, till reaching the upper room, they found a window open, and ſaw a ladder moving, and the fellows in the back yard. It would have been eaſy, by deſcending imme-

immediately, to have ſecured them; but as theſe nocturnal guards had the uſual deliberation and caution, before they had got down, the ruffians were gone. Maria meanwhile, partly from fear, and partly from reviewing the other events of the night, was in ſuch agitation and tremor, that in attempting to reach the coach, ſhe fainted in her lover's arms. An hotel being luckily within a few doors, ſhe was carried there, and being, by the care and aſſiduity of the hoſteſs, recovered, the coach was ordered to Captain Mortimer's inſtead of the maſquerade; to the ſurprize of his mother and ſiſter, Hamilton returned about two, though they did not expect him till ſeveral hours after.

Maria having, in the morning, leiſure and opportunity to reflect on every thing that had paſſed, with moſt grateful delight, dwelt on the approach of the robbers,

bers, which had saved her from a much greater evil than any their mere depredations could have effected; she compared the various circumstances; the conduct of Mrs. Dicky, in repeatedly leaving her and Hamilton alone, and revolved in her mind, the particulars which she could not avoid imputing to design; at the same time, she could conjecture at no feasible motive; she, however, ascribed no blame to Hamilton; the raptures which he had expressed, she with shame and confusion acknowledged to herself, were, in a great degree, transcripts of her own. Her chief apprehension was, that she had lessened herself in his opinion, by not repelling, instead of permitting such advances: even Hamilton himself, when he coolly considered the last night's adventure, had too much real love for Miss Mortimer, not to rejoice at the event. He

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repaired early to the houſe of the Captain, and found Maria at breakfaſt, alone. She received him with downcaſt looks, and her ingenuous nature could not forbear ſhewing, that ſhe conſidered herſelf as having deviated from propriety, and was fearful of having, in ſome meaſure, impaired his eſteem; he ſaid nothing of the occurrences at Mrs. Dicky's, but his very avoidance of the ſubject affected Maria, as her anxiety conſtrued it into an impreſſion, that the reflection muſt give her pain;—an impreſſion that would imply that ſhe had ſo acted, as naturally to excite diſpleaſure with herſelf. Hamilton having at length diſcerned her actual feelings, ſoon diſpelled every fear of a diminution of his eſteem; and after a very long and tender converſation, ſhe conſented that he ſhould apply to her father and uncle; but firſt, it was agreed that he ſhould

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immediately open the caſe to Hamden, to prevent that amiable and worthy gentleman from ſuſpecting any deception or duplicity; and accordingly he, without loſs of time, ſet out in queſt of the Baronet.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

CHAP-

CHAPTER XX.

As Hamilton was proceeding to the houſe of the Baronet, he met his worthy and reſpected friend, Dr. Scribble, in company of the no leſs reſpectable bookſeller, whom he had once ſeen, Mr. Jeffery Lawhunt. The Doctor, with eager warmth, ran to take hold of Hamilton, whom he had not ſeen for ſeveral weeks, and declared himſelf extremely happy in the interview. Lawhunt and he were about a project, in which the aſſiſtance of Hamilton would, the Doctor ſaid, be of great uſe to them; and he propoſed that they ſhould immediately form an appointment. Our hero, beſides the buſineſs about which he was em-

employed, had no curiosity to interfere in any publication, in which Jeffery was to be the pecuniary, and Scribble the literary manager. Scribble, however, pressed him very much. Hamilton replied he was engaged to meet Sir Edward Hamden upon business, and that, uncertain how long time that might occupy, he could fix no appointment. At this instant, a carriage passing, a voice called the name of Hamilton, and turning about, he beheld the subject of his conversation. Hamilton informed him, that he was on his way to his house, and wished for a long conversation. Hamden told him he was going out of town, by an appointment, at that time; but would either visit, receive, or meet him, the following morning, at any hour he should name. This matter being arranged, the Baronet departed, and Scribble and his companion, who had heard

what paſſed, and underſtood that he was unengaged, inſiſted on his liſtening to their project; and at length, overcome by their importunity, he conſented. Accordingly, walking to the outſkirts of the town, they reached a coffee-houſe, which Hamilton found was to be the ſcene of their deliberations. They were no ſooner arrived than Scribble propoſed, ſeconded by Lawhunt, that they ſhould give directions for dinner. Hamilton, though vexed at the proſpect of loſing time, in company that promiſed ſo little information, inſtruction, or benefit, yet, not wiſhing to ſhock Scribble, by ſhewing the real eſtimation in which he held his diſcourſe, conſented to continue one of the party; they took poſſeſſion of a back parlour; down they ſat, and opened the buſineſs. Scribble commenced with a diſſertation on the wonderful benefits that muſt accrue to

Britiſh literature, from foreign works, and eſpecially from the modern erudition of Germany. "There," ſaid Dicky, "they beſtow due pains on inveſtigating the valuable ſecrets of nature; thence are derived our moſt accurate knowledge on accouſtics, acroatics, aſtrology, aſtronomy, anatomy, beatifics, botany, chemiſtry, drill-huſbandry, excreſcences, eclipſes, electricity, in ſhort, why need I enumerate particulars of all knowledge, philoſophy, and art, ancient and modern; they have brought illuminiſm to it's preſent wonderful height; they have their Weiſhaup, and their numberleſs other enlightened ſages, upon morals and politics; then they have their novels, and poems, and plays, manifeſting ſuch new views of ſubſtances, modes, and relations, ſhewing God, nature, and man, in lights in which the dullneſs and ig-

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norance of Britiſh genius and erudition never before repreſented ſuch objects; and they poſſeſs that perſeverance and induſtry, which I hold to be the chief conſtituent of genius. It is a miſtake, that intellectual ſuperiority depends upon any natural gift, it is merely the reſult of exerciſe and effort; but this ſubject you will ſee fully illuſtrated in my preface to my hiſtory of Jack the giant-killer; for inſtance, as I there admit, I, myſelf, was not naturally very greatly beyond my cotemporaries. It was my ardent deſire of literary excellence, that ſtimulated me to the extraordinary efforts which have raiſed me ſo far to tranſcend ordinary men; but this is a digreſſion, though tending to illuſtrate my praiſes of the Germans, for their meritorious induſtry: and here let me remark one conſpicuous ſuperiority of German over Britiſh diligence,

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in literary ſubjects; our countrymen, adhering to the abſurd doctrine of utility, are loth to apply with equal diligence to all ſubjects; for inſtance, a common reviewer would not beſtow equal minuteneſs of attention on the wings and abdomen of a bee, as on the fate of a nation. How different a German, who will employ as profound reſearch, in inveſtigating the various members of a fly, as the powers and qualities of the human underſtanding and heart; this is, indeed, a minuteneſs of inquiry, in which I vouchſafe to copy the Germans, both in criticiſm and in original compoſition, as you may have obſerved in various reviews, which bear themſelves to be mine, and alſo in my other writings; but moſt of all in "*my eſſay upon cats*," including my ſcheme for improving their moral habits, and teaching them to be more attentive to decency

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and ſilence, when inſpirited by omnipotent nature; alſo in my hiſtory of Jack the giant-killer: but as I admire German learning to imitation, I think it my bounden duty to naturalize as great a quantity of that valuable erudition, as my time and engagements will admit. A more munificent patron of learning is no where to be found, than this worthy gentleman, Mr. Jeffery Lawhunt." "Oh yes," ſaid Jeffery, "I am very fond of encouraging *larning*, and do all I can for it, *except during the term*, when I am ſo *conſtrupated* by lawyers, that I have no time. Never man was ſo tormented, yet,—it is not my fault; if they let me alone, I let them alone. I hardly ever am plaintiff, unleſs indeed it be in *filing bills* but always defendant. If I happen to give an acceptance, and can employ my money to more advantage than paying it, is

not it extremely hard that I muſt be ſued? I have loſt at leaſt five thouſand pounds, where I ſhould have gained with coſts; but juries and judges are ſo unreaſonable, and will hear what even ſtrangers ſay of me, ſooner than what my own intimates ſay, and confirm with an oath. I very lately loſt, by an arbitration, a great ſum, though I thought I had every thing cut and dry: I ſpoke to my brother the fruiterer to come as a witneſs; he did ſo, and brought his man with him. This evidence was a hollow thing; but what do you think of the arbitrator,—a counſellor too? Merely becauſe my brother happened, out of forgetfulneſs, *to ſay ſomething contrary to what he had ſaid before*; from that time, I am convinced, he did not pay any regard to what he ſaid." "How do you know that, Mr. Lawhunt?" ſaid Hamilton. "How do I know it," replied

replied the other, " because my brother swore point blank I did not owe the plaintiff one hundred pounds, and the arbitrator gave an award of seven hundred, and did not that prove how little they regarded Ned's evidence?" addressing Hamilton. "Undoubtedly it did," replied our hero. "But what was worse than that," said Jeffery, "there was my own foreman, a good obliging fellow as ever lived, that would not stick at a trifle; he and I had a great deal of talk before, and we settled about his evidence. The first day he was called, it was on a Saturday; I remember he was very clear—all for me; plaintiff's counsel did not ask him a single question. On the Sunday he dined with me; we were quite jocose. "Dingwal," said I, (his name is Donald Dingwal) "you did very well yesterday; but get through as well to-morrow, and we

will do." "Why," ſays he, "that Chiſwick, Farragan's council (Farragan was the plaintiff, a damned Scotch Highlander; 'perhaps you know him, ſir.' 'Oh, very well,' ſaid Hamilton) was not at all captious." "With that I agreed; but what do you think? Chiſwick was laying a trap all the time. Dingwal having finiſhed what we had agreed, Chiſwick began that damned croſs-queſtioning, and dodged and winded the poor fellow ſo about, that on the Monday, as ill luck would have it, the poor man ſwore the direct contrary to what he had done on the Saturday. Chiſwick had not lain by for nothing, and from the award, it was evident that the arbitrator believed my friend Dingwal againſt me, though he would not believe him for me. However, I cannot blame Dingwal; he had the good will, and if it had not been for Chiſwick's croſs-

queſtioning,

queſtioning, would have been a moſt ſerviceable witneſs; and I muſt ſay, I before found him very obliging in his teſtimony; he went through like a hero when he was not ſo croſs-examined. In the inſtance that I have juſt mentioned, I loſt my cauſe; ſo you ſee I have had trials and tribulations in this world; neverthelefs, I am a man of great property, and can afford to pay for a good commodity, in the literary line, as much as any man." Mr. Lawhunt having favoured his two companions with this biographical ſketch, then proceeded to buſineſs "Dr. Scribble here," ſays Mr. Lawhunt, "we all know to be a man of very extraordinary genius and larning. He has been a mentioning to me a plan of tranſlating German books, of plays and hiſtories, and philoſophers, and *luminies*, and other paſtimes, which he thinks would make very clever

books; and if any one can do the job, he is the hand; but I need not mention him to you,—you know Dr. Scribble." "Yes, yes," ſays Dicky, "he knows me." "That I do," replied Hamilton, "moſt thoroughly." "And I will venture to ſay," rejoined Scribble, "that he has a juſt value for me." "That you may ſafely affirm," ſaid the other. "But," continued the Doctor, "what we particularly want with you, is to do us *juſtice in the reviews* and converſation, *by ſpeaking very highly* of the work. I have already written a ſpecimen; it is the tranſlation of a play, one of the fineſt that ever entered into the human imagination to conceive; it is the ſtory of Hurlobothrumbo, a Spaniſh hero, who ſets off to the war with the Moors in Andaluſia, with four attendants; he overcomes fifteen thouſand, enters the city of the enemy alone, encounters

twenty

twenty thouſand, formed in a hollow ſquare, in one of their narrow ſtreets." "Very well," ſaid Hamilton, "that's a good idea." "He couches his lance, charges the firſt five thouſand that extended acroſs the lane; defeats them; takes the city by ſtorm." "That was a great hero," ſaid Jeffery. "Yes," ſaid Scribble, "I will defy any writer but a German to think of ſuch a hero." "Oh do not," ſaid Hamilton, "diſparage our own country too much;—what think you of Drawcanſir?" "You know, Hamilton," ſaid Scribble, with much pompoſity, "I do not like jeſting upon ſerious ſubjects; I have often given my admonitions upon that topic." "Which I hold in due eſtimation," replied Hamilton. "But you do not always attend to them," rejoined Scribble, a little ſharply. "That does not contradict my poſition," ſaid the other.

Scribble taking this as a compliment, proceeded, " Hurlobothrumbo ſets all the priſoners free, returns to his own country, finds his miſtreſs confined in a caſtle, guarded by a thouſand giants, with one more enormous and fierce than all the reſt, breaks through ſeven iron gates, kills the head giant, and five hundred more. The five hundred and ſecond, with the other four hundred and ninety-eight, diſheartened by the fall of their maſter and companions, yield to the heroic conqueror. He learns that his old father is ſomewhere confined in a dungeon, that nobody knows where but the ghoſt of a female, that at midnight amuſes herſelf with playing a pibrach upon a Scotch bagpipe, accompanied by two others, performing on the hurdy-gurdy and the Jew's harp. It is ſaid, by the now ſubjected giants, to be reported, that the head ghoſt will anſwer

ſwer no queſtions, unleſs a tune is hit to her mind. Various airs had been tried, but to no effect. The hero ſwears he will venture, though a hundred ghoſts aſſail. Midnight arrives, and a dark and gloomy night it is. Hurlobothrumbo goes to the *oratory*, which all know is the favourite walk* of ghoſts, and there he meets the three apparitions; the head one in a white ſilk negligee and petticoat; the other two in muſlin. The lady begins Rothie Murcus's rant, that convinces Hurlo that ſhe is fond of Scotch muſic, which he, having met among the Moors with a Highland fidler from Strathſpey, thoroughly underſtands. Fortunately there is a fiddle at hand; he anſwers Rothie Murcus by Money Muſk; the ghoſts fall a dancing, from which he conceives a good omen. The head lady ſtrikes up Nancy

* See Caſtle Spectre, Cambrobritons, &c.

Dawſon, and makes a motion for him to join in the reel. The intrepid Hurlo foots it with the head ſpectre, playing all the while; the hobgoblins, warm with the exerciſe, ſit down upon a bench. The hero regales them with Moggy Lawder; Hobgoblina, delighted with this melodious air, riſes, and is making a very low curtſey; but ſinking too much, falls to the ground; quickly ſtarting up, ſhe ſpeaks:

My boy has won: behold your granny's ghoſt;
Your hapleſs father is in durance vile;
But now by thee his ſon ſhall be releas'd.
Art thou the image of my grand-mamma?
Said Hurlo to the dame, who anſwered, yes.
And theſe the ſpectres of thy virgin aunts,
At leaſt maids deem'd:—Alas! not juſtly deem'd,
For ah confeſſors are moſt dangerous men;
So may Grizzelda from experience ſay:
An Alguazil was chaſte Suſannah's love.
The maidens interrupted Mother Mum;
Methinks a goblin need not be a blab;
Revolve the wiſdom of the Engliſh ſage,

Deliver'd

Deliver'd after the dire fall of rug,
In Molly's garret, to his rival Jones;
Acts there are most fitting to be done,
Which are not fitting to be made a boast;
Therefore, again, we say good Mother, mum,
The proverb calls, dead men tell no tales,
(To the virgins thus replied their mam)
But must dead women also hold their tongues,
And e'en when frailties of friends are known?
'Tis very hard; but since it must be,—mum"

"I think, doctor, your ghosts speak blank verse." "Oh yes, you would not have a ghost speak plain prose, would you?" "But when the Moors had Andalusia, how came the ladies to be acquainted with Tom Jones, which was not written for several centuries after? Are you not out in chronology?" "Pshaw, who the devil ever expected chronology in German literature; you might as well expect history, geography, or probability, which would entirely destroy the gigantesque." "I admit

the juſtneſs of your remark, and ſtand corrected; but proceed, if you pleaſe, with your ſtory." "Thrumbo, the old lady, and the *maidens*, ſally forth in queſt of the father; the hero encounters no obſtacles but iron bars, which he cracks like walnut-ſhells, until he reaches the kernel. The five hundred and one giants ſuppoſed dead, riſe to the tune of 'Up and war them a' Willie,' and by the enchanting melody, are made virtuous and holy. Hurlothrumbo marries his beloved Aldonazina, and with marriage and reformation the piece concludes." "Well," ſaid Jeffery, "how do you like this production, Mr. Hamilton?" Before he could anſwer, "I will venture to ſpeak for him," ſaid Dr. Scribble, "ſuch a treat he has rarely enjoyed. This is a ſample of our German plays, which muſt prove a moſt valuable acceſſion to Engliſh dramatic literature, and

and poetry in general. Would your Murphys or your Vanburghs, and your Steeles and your Congreves, your Homes, your Rowes, your Southerns, or your Otway, equal this work?" "I dare ſay," ſaid Hamilton, "no production of theirs would ever reſemble it; even Sheridan himſelf, if he were to try his hand, would not make it ſo pure; he certainly has aſtoniſhing genius, but I doubt if he were to try this German mode, with all his brilliancy of fancy, if he could make ſo unique a performance, and reſolutely exclude from every ſcene and paſſage, nature, truth, and probability. This production, in it's beginning, middle, and end, is thoroughly conſiſtent. The incidents are all of a credibility, ſo nearly equal, that if the fancy can ſtretch ſo far as to take in one, it may ſwallow all the reſt. The ſingle captor of a ſtrongly fortified town might

might vanquiſh a thouſand giants, crack iron bars like walnuts, or dance Rothie Murcus with his deceaſed grandmother." "Yes," ſaid Scribble, "your criticiſm is right; it is the *pure giganteſque.*" "But how comes the German author to be ſo well acquainted with Scotch and Engliſh tunes?" "Oh, the tunes I introduce myſelf, in order to accommodate them to a Britiſh audience. I have ſeveral others in hand; in one, there is a new way of making love, or rather of introducing a lover to his miſtreſs; and how do you think it is contrived?" "Faith I cannot ſay; though in this age of innovation, I ſhould not be ſurprized, if a ſcheme were deviſed for making love after the faſhion of the Iriſh ſociables." "But will you hear how they meet? A youth falls in love with a nun; ſhe is cloſely guarded in the convent; he wiſhes an interview, but

how

how is it to be effected? He tries to bribe the servants; it will not do; to scale the walls—too steep and high; to get a rope-ladder, narrowly escapes being caught, but succeeds at last by —— the ministration of an earthquake. There comes a convulsion so delicate and nice, as to make a chasm large enough for the lovers, without being seen by any body else." "A most civil and accommodating earthquake,' indeed," said Hamilton. "The lovers meet every night, and continue in an adjoining grove till morning, and often repeat their interviews. The effects of the earthquake become daily more visible: but the morality is marvellous and gigantesque, as well as the fable. When it is obvious that poor Miss experiences the consequences of sentimental susceptibility, and is taken to task by the rest of the sisterhood, she admits the fact, but denies

denies guilt. She had found her lover a very pleaſant youth ; it was agreeable to benevolence to make ſuch a youth happy, eſpecially when ſhe could make herſelf happy to boot ; forms were mere inventions of prieſts, to ſubjugate the beſt and moſt delightful feelings of nature to their controul. Was it a crime, to add to the number of mankind ? Here you have the liberal and expanded morality of the German drama. I could give you various inſtances of the ſuperlative excellence of modern Germanic literature, on ſubjects of property, eſtabliſhments, religious inſtitutions, and many other topics ; but the preſent ſamples ſhew the nature, objects, and character of the works which I wiſh to tranſlate. Do not you think the infuſion of German productions will tend very much to improve the literature and ſcience of Britain, phyſical, moral, and political ?"

Hamilton

Hamilton made it a rule not to enter into diſputes with perſons, from whoſe knowledge and arguments he was ſure he could derive neither valuable information nor inſtruction, and thence he had uſually abſtained from argumentation with Dr. Scribble. In the preſent inſtance, conceiving that there was no ground of apprehenſion that ſuch incongruous abſurdities could be favourably received by the vigorous and diſcriminating underſtandings of Engliſhmen, he thought that the publication would be perfectly harmleſs, would be little read, make no impreſſion, and be ſpeedily forgotten. For rapidly ſteering a literary bark to the gulph of oblivion, he knew no one could be better qualified than Dr. Scribble; indeed his very name had a Lethean effect, as it precluded the peruſal of works, which a ſight of the title-page aſſociated with

with the idea of nonſenſe. " Do you mean," ſaid our hero, " to put your name to it, Doctor?" " Oh certainly," interpoſed Lawhunt, " we muſt have the Doctor's name." " Yes," ſaid the Doctor, " my name will have it's weight; I believe I have publiſhed more volumes than any man of my age." " Eſpecially," remarked Hamilton, " firſt editions." Lawhunt happening at this inſtant to go out, the Doctor ſaid, " I do not like thoſe kind of ſneering animadverſions, I have often hinted ſo." " Come come, Scribby, do not be angry now." " Nothing galls me ſo much as any reflection upon *my talents*; I ſhould rather you would think me wicked than dull; I have been always labouring not to be thought dull." " And an uphill work it is," ſaid Hamilton." " Now, ſir, I will not bear that," ſaid Scribble, " curſe me if I do." " Do not let it

get

get into a paſſion?" ſaid Hamilton. "I muſt ſay you are an impertinent, inſolent fellow," replied Scribble. "Harkee, ſir," rejoined Hamilton, "whatever opinion I have entertained of you myſelf, I have religiouſly forborne delivering my ſentiments, ſo as to affect your employment; the ſame forbearance I will now obſerve. Before this man, Lawhunt, I ſhall ſtill abſtain from expreſſing that opinion; but even from you, contempt will not ſuffer the inſolent expreſſions that you have dared to uſe, or let them paſs without ſuitable chaſtiſement; till to-morrow morning I give you to think of the ſubject." The courage of poor Scribble was much on a par with his bodily ſtrength and mental abilities. He was beginning to make an apologetic ſpeech, when Jeffery entered in conſiderable agitation, ſaying, he had ſeen a glimpſe of two men that

he did not want to meet; he therefore requested Scribble to settle for him, as he could not wait to call for a bill, and before the other could answer, departed with great expedition, by a door that opened into a lane. The fact, it seems, was, in returning to the parlour, he had, through the glass door of the coffee-house, seen two persons reconnoitring the boxes. One of the persons he well knew, and in company with whom he had oftener been than he wished. Fortunately recollecting that one door of the back parlour afforded an escape by the lane, he had bolted that which communicated with the passage, so as to obstruct pursuit; and he had not been gone two minutes, when a rough voice called at the door, "open." The waiter, comprehending the case, ran round the other way, and told the gentlemen, for God's sake, if they were

afraid

afraid of bailiffs, to make haste away. They both assured him they were under no apprehensions. "Then sir," said he, "if the other gentleman is safe, we had better open the door; but let us lock this door to keep back pursuit." A very thundering knock with a foot now forced open the door, which was slight. Hamilton started from his seat, and as one fellow entered, in an angry tone demanded who they were, and what they wanted? "We want Lawhunt, and you are he," said one of them, collaring Hamilton. Though the fellow was strong, yet the other was much stronger, and at one blow felled his assailant to the ground. The master had, meanwhile, been occupied with another gentleman, whom he had discovered in a corner box in the coffee-room, when the waiter, with much exultation, roared out, "By the Lord, the gentleman is

mauling the catchpole." The maſter hearing this intelligence, ran to the aſſiſtance of his follower, without conſidering his own engagement, and finding him proſtrate at Hamilton's feet, raſhly attacked the conqueror, and in a few moments experienced the ſame fate. The room was now filled with ſpectators, and the fellows being brought to their ſenſes, intimated a diſpoſition, jointly, to aſſail an antagoniſt, to whom they had been, ſeverally, ſo unequal; and to ſome menacing words, Hamilton coolly replied, "that they were the aggreſſors, he believed, in a miſtake; but if they began again, he ſhould have them ſeverely puniſhed, in two different actions, for forcible entrance, and aſſault." The maſter now recollecting his acquaintance in the next room, haſtily went out, and returning, called, "Jem, Jem, the priſoner is gone, let us haſte away."

"But,"

"But," ſaid the landlord, who knew the gentleman that he was purſuing, "you ſhall not haſten away, you have made a riot in my houſe, and one of you has broken open a lock;" and calling two watchmen, who were in waiting for the purpoſe, he gave charge of the two priſoners. The event of this buſineſs was fatal to the catchpole; the perſon arreſted had writs in the office againſt him for two thouſand pounds, on account of a ſecurity, into which he had been villainouſly trepanned. He had procured an appointment at Hamburgh, and was preparing that very night to ſet off for Yarmouth, and a chaiſe was in waiting to carry him to the firſt ſtage, to join the mail, when he conceived all his proſpects blaſted by the arreſt; but when the fellow left him, he haſtily entered his carriage, and drove at full ſpeed to Stratford; reached Yarmouth;

and found the packet juſt ſailing. The bailiffs being detained in captivity till the next morning, for want of bail, were not able to take meaſures for purſuit, till it was too late. Proof was eaſily found by the plaintiff, that the defendant had actually been in cuſtody; accordingly, recourſe was had upon the ſheriff,—the bailiff of courſe was ruined; to eſcape the Fleet, took to the highway, and from the Drop left a leſſon to the brotherhood, to refrain from brutal execution of juſt and beneficial laws.

But to return from this epiſode. Dr. Scribble was much alarmed with the thoughts of Hamilton's diſpleaſure, and frightened, even to tremor, after beholding his terrible prowefs; to avert his anger, he was willing to make the humbleſt conceſſions. Commencing a penitent and deprecatory ſpeech, he was ſuddenly interrupted by our hero,

who, ſhaking him cordially by the hand, told him to think no more of it, aſſuring him, that he ſhould not himſelf, and acknowledged that he had rather been the aggreſſor, by his ſtrictures upon Dr. Scribble's talents and erudition. Quite delighted with this explanation, Scribble's eyes ſparkled; "and ſo you allow me, my dear Hamilton, to have extraordinary genius and learning." "Yes, yes, I do; but ſuppoſe we have coffee, we have had wine enough." "Oh, not yet," ſays Scribble; "we muſt have another bottle for our reconciliation." Hamilton never exceeded a bottle from choice; yet, when conviviality invited, could drink double the quantity, without intoxication; and now conſented. They enjoyed themſelves very ſociably, converſing chiefly upon the adventure of the catchpoles; Scribble aſſuring Hamilton, he could have encountered

any of them with a ſmall ſword; but he believed they would have been an over-match for him at boxing. Without inveſtigating this queſtion, Hamilton ſaid, he thought the moſt important part of the adventure to Scribble, was the object of the purſuit. "Do you think that this fellow, Lawhunt, can pay you for ſo voluminous a work as this muſt prove?" Scribble, archly winking, went and ſhut the door, which happened to be a jar: "Oh no, he will not be able to go through with it; but let him begin it, that's enough, it will not be loſt, Billy Nincompoop will take it up—Billy's the man. If any one ſtarts an idea, Bill out with his tablets—down with it—makes it his own. If any one broaches a new book, Billy out with another upon the ſame ſubject, like an oppoſition ſtage-coach, ſo that you will ſee that Nincompoop will be the chap

for

for German literature. I have engaged with this ſtupid beaſt, Lawhunt, for two volumes, and have got bills in advance." "It would appear," obſerved Hamilton, "from his own acknowledgement, that his bills are not very punctually honoured," "Oh, I made allowance for that in our bargain; he agreed to fifty *per cent* more than any body elſe could give." "How did you manage that with him, Doctor?" "Very eaſily; I ſhall ſuppoſe a work worth a guinea *per* ſheet." "Very moderate indeed." "Oh it's very good pay; if it were ſuch as I would do for Bill for one guinea, I would aſk Lawhunt two; he knowing nothing of the matter, being a low mechanic, and addicted to hagling, would chiefly bend his thoughts to beating me down. I, after much difficulty, would give up firſt half-a-crown, then another half-crown, at laſt, well, my good friend,

 Jeffery,

Jeffery, you are an honourable man, but lower than the half guinea, by God, I will not go." He agrees, chuckling all the while, in the idea of having cheated me of half-a-guinea *per* ſheet, and I have the odd fifty *per cent.* to meet the law expences that may occur in the recovery." Scribble having thus explained his mode of bargaining, to his own thorough ſatisfaction, the converſation took a turn to ſome topic of the day, that required reference to an evening paper, in queſt of which our hero proceeded to the coffee-room, when a voice called Hamilton, and turning, he beheld his admired friend, Dr. William Strongbrain. Telling him he was engaged in the next room with Doctor Scribble, "Scribble," repeated Strongbrain, "a poor ſtupid animal; how the devil can you aſſociate with that fellow?" "Never mind his ſtupidity now; but

come

come in for half an hour with us to the other room." Strongbrain having agreed to this invitation, Hamilton recalled an order, which he had juſt given for coffee, and deſired another bottle of Port to be ſubſtituted in it's place. Strongbrain had been dining in a party, and like our hero, was exhilirated, without any approach to intoxication. Doctor Scribble was farther advanced: perceiving Strongbrain enter with Hamilton, Dr. Scribble ran up, took him by the hand, and expreſſed the pleaſure he had in meeting with a man of ſo great ability; "I underſtand you are engaged in criticiſm, politics, hiſtory, and philoſophy, and really your works, in ſeveral reſpects, meet my approbation. Let me recommend to you ſome eſſays that I am writing, and it will greatly improve your views, your arrangement, and language." One of the predominant companionable

qualities of Strongbrain, was good humour; the preceptorial directions, therefore, of Dr. Scribble, excited a good-natured ſmile; but no angry or indignant ſenſation. Scribble was ſuffered to talk, and grew greater and greater with every glaſs that he ſwallowed, till at laſt his greatneſs had a fall *under the table*. Having conſigned the learned Doctor to the care of the waiter, Hamilton and Strongbrain departed to their reſpective homes.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next morning, our hero, according to appointment, called upon Sir Edward Hamden, and after a conſiderable portion of preface and circumlocution, opened to him the ſtate of Maria's affections. From the general character and conduct of Hamilton, together with the various circumſtances of the caſe, Hamden was thoroughly convinced that Hamilton poſſeſſed Miſs Mortimer's heart, before he was himſelf acquainted with her; that he had long before intended to diſcloſe the truth to Hamden, but had been withheld by conſiderate humanity. He was convinced, that Hamilton, in every reſpect, had acted honourably and nobly.

He efteemed and admired his genins and virtues, and regarded him as the preferver of his life ; ftill, however, Hamilton had gained the love which he had moft ardently fought. His wifdom, his virtues, his liberality, candour, and gratitude, could not altogether ftifle that fentiment ; all his generofity could not preclude a regret, not untinctured by envy. He endeavoured to difpel the laft-mentioned paffion, and in the conflict of emotions, was filent and diftracted; having been a confiderable time in a reverie, his countenance was overcaft with a gloom, which our hero imputing to difpleafure, rofe to withdraw. Roufed by this movement, Hamden fprang from his feat, and eagerly grafping Hamilton's hand, faid, "my deareft friend, preferver of my life, forgive the temporary impulfe of feelings, of which you fo juftly and

highly prize the caufe; I am enraged with myfelf, for having for a moment fuffered them to operate; but (and here he fighed, and appeared to ftruggle with himfelf) Maria cannot be mine; and why fhould I repine that fhe is to be his, whom I value above all men." He then afked, if Hamilton thought it was in any way in his power to promote the views and interefts of two perfons, whom he fo very highly regarded? Hamilton, with confiderable folemnity, anfwered, "Sir Edward Hamden, I came with the higheft fenfe of your honor, magnanimity, and generofity, and by concert with Mifs Mortimer, to open confidentially, whatever regards us, to one whom we both equally efteem. I faw your agitation and temporary feelings, and therefore refolved to fufpend my communication and confultation; but knowing, that ftrength of

head and of heart would ſoon on your ſide overcome preſent impulſe, I reſolved at a very early future opportunity to reſume the ſubject; but now I ſee that the reaſons no longer exiſt for poſtponing our application. Hamden replying, that any advice or aſſiſtance within his power would be afforded, with gratitude for the requeſt, Hamilton freely and candidly explained to him, that both Miſs Mortimer's father and uncle had been very anxious for her marriage with Sir Edward; that though he believed they both entertained a very favourable opinion of him, as an acquaintance and a friend, yet they would be very much diſappointed by Maria's refuſal of Sir Edward, and preference of a man beneath him in rank, and ſo very far below him in fortune. Inferior as his property was, to what he might deſire on a-count of his Maria, yet it

was ſufficient to preſerve independence; and his efforts, he truſted, would produce progreſſive improvement. Captain Mortimer had, in a great degree, the direction of his brother; both Maria and Hamilton were particularly anxious to ſecure his conſent, which the father's would certainly follow. Having unfolded all theſe circumſtances in ample detail, Hamden took him by the hand, and pledged himſelf to uſe every poſſible argument with Captain Mortimer, and ſtated the topics on which he would principally inſiſt; viz. the neceſſity of ſtudying the happineſs of the parties more than any other circumſtance; that the happineſs of Maria was inſeparably attached to Mortimer, and that he would enlarge on the character and proſpects of Hamilton, the fortune and ſtation to which they might lead. Having concerted and formed his plan of

appli-

application, to the ſatisfaction of our hero, he diſpatched a note to Captain Mortimer, propoſing an appointment for the following day. Hamilton, after remaining with him till the evening, returned to Maria.

Sir Edward waited upon Captain Mortimer, who learned with great ſurprize, and greater diſappointment, that all hopes of his niece of becoming Lady Hamden were at an end, and though much attached to Hamilton, he repined at his having captivated Maria. Hamden, with the moſt liberal generoſity, praiſed the talents and accompliſhments, face, countenance, and figure of our hero, and declared he thought it impoſſible for any young lady, whoſe heart was unengaged, to refuſe his addreſſes, as it was for any young man unengaged, not to love Maria. "Why, to be ſure, he is a very fine fellow, as handſomely

built

built as any man that ever walked a quarter-deck, or the parade at Portſ-mouth, and, to be ſure, young girls are very much taken with the outſide of a man; but ſtill I am very ſorry that Molly had given her heart to him, and wiſh moſt ſincerely it had been other-wiſe." Hamden proceeded to paint his proſpects and abilities ſo ſtrongly, that the Captain began to be more recon-ciled; he was, indeed, in a great degree, an optimiſt, and not only with eaſe ac-commodated himſelf to actual events, but had a ſanguineneſs of temper, which, from moſt occurrences anticipated a great degree of happineſs. Maria being purpoſely abſent, Sir Edward ſtaid moſt of the day with the Captain, and at length reconciled him to the propoſal, and even procured his promiſe to uſe his influence with his brother. Hamden leaving the Captain, repaired to hi

friends

friend Hamilton, and ſuſpecting that Maria was there, requeſted to ſee him alone. Being introduced into his library, he was immediately joined by Hamilton, who felt all the gratitude that a very high benefit can excite in a ſuſceptible and benignant heart. Hamden could not be prevailed on to join the ladies; and candidly acknowledged, that as yet, he would rather not encounter the ſight of Miſs Mortimer, but that in a ſhort time he hoped to be able to congratulate her, on being the wife of the man that ſhe loved. In leſs than a week, Captain Mortimer received an anſwer from his brother, though he certainly wiſhed very earneſtly that his daughter had accepted the offer of Sir Edward, he would yet be guided by the opinion of his brother, and in the courſe of a fortnight would ſet off for London. In the interval, Miſs Primroſe, who with her mother

mother had been ſome weeks in town, made ſeveral overtures to cultivate an intimacy with Miſs Hamilton. That young lady perceived the chief purpoſe of Miſs Primroſe; thoroughly aſſured of the ſtate of William's affections, though ſhe could not avoid liking the amiable qualities of Louiſa, without diſcouraging, as much as poſſible, avoided an intercourſe, which feeding hope that was totally groundleſs, muſt eventually enhance diſappointment. Our hero himſelf, notwithſtanding his extraordinary perſonal charms, was far from being addicted to an eaſy belief of being beloved by women; nevertheleſs he could not avoid diſcovering the affections of Miſs Primroſe, nor even that it was approved by the mother. Thinking her a very amiable and intereſting girl, he was extremely ſorry that her affections were ſo directed; but no opportunity offered that enabled

him,

him, with proper regard to delicacy and humanity, to undeceive either the daughter or the mother.

At length Mr. Mortimer arrived in town, and had repeated conſultations with his brother, and alſo Mrs. Hamilton, who had ſimilar objections on the ſcore of intereſt. Finding oppoſition vain, they endeavoured to poſtpone the nuptials; but the eager entreaties of Hamilton, ſeconded by the friendſhip of Hamden, wrung a reluctant conſent. After they did agree, the parents reſolved to contribute, as far, reſpectively, as their pecuniary circumſtances would admit, for the ſervice of the young couple. Her father beſtowed on Maria a thouſand pounds; Captain Mortimer as much: Mrs. Hamilton would have given up one half of her annuity, but her ſon and Maria would not hear of the alienation; and Dr.

Went-

Wentbridge added another thoufand; fo that with the intereft of his own property, he would have about four hundred a year, and already made about four hundred more by his literary employment, and was in a fair way of greatly increafing his emoluments; and this, with fuch a mind and foul as he poffeffed, though not rich, he was independent.

The arrangements and preparations for the intended marriage, though conducted with privacy, yet were not fo fecret as to efcape the notice of the Countefs of Cockatrice, who, for the various reafons which we have before ftated, was extremely inimical to an affiance that interfered fo much with her own wifhes and views. She fufpected that the plan, of which, Mrs. Dicky had been the inftrument, was unfuccefsful; her lowly minifter had been received with extreme coldnefs, in fubfequent vifits to Mifs Mortimer; and on being

being officious and impertinent in her inquiries, had been refuſed admittance. The Counteſs having no means of intercourſe with Miſs Mortimer, nearly deſpaired of effecting a breach between the lovers; but her invention being extremely ready, eſpecially where miſchief was the object, ſhe conceived a project which ſhe thought very feaſible.

There was a perſon, that having publiſhed ſeveral obſcene and ſlanderous productions, took to himſelf the name of a bookſeller. This fellow (whoſe name was Blackball) was peculiarly diſtinguiſhed for what was ſome years ago denominated by the cant term of *ink-making*, that is, threatening to publiſh defamation, unleſs he was paid for concealment, an employment, in point of turpitude and infamy, analogous to the practice of that claſs of highway-rob-

bers which extorts money by threatened charges of flagitious criminality; but not like these, subjecting the perpetrator to the gallows.

The first in the calumnious line, Blackball, was in some request in the fashionable world, and well known to the Countess: To him she applied in the present case, and instructed him to hunt for anecdotes concerning Hamilton and also Miss Mortimer. The countess learned that Maria had, about three years before, been for some months a parlour boarder at a respectable school in a village in which there was another much less respectable, and which about that time had been the subject of some discussion, on account of an adventure of one of the young ladies and a Frenchman: Blackball had heard the particulars from a young teacher, an intimate friend of his, that used to convey to the

 misses

miſſes of the boarding-ſchool ſuch books and pictures as he was in the habit of collecting and vending; and for which the ſeminary in queſtion afforded a ſure and rapid ſale. The ſtory, it ſeems, had been huſhed, and Blackball having been paid for ſecrecy, and alſo afraid if he publiſhed any thing on the ſubject, it might interfere with his cuſtom, had adhered to taciturnity. On hearing the village mentioned, calling the circumſtance to mind, he ſaid, that he thought it would be no very difficult matter to confound the two ſchools, and attach the report in queſtion to Miſs Mortimer.— "Suppoſe, pleaſe your ladyſhip, we were to revive that ſtory by a few ſmart paragraphs in the newſpapers?" "How would you manage to introduce ſo old a ſtory?" "Oh very eaſily!" ſaid the other; "give it firſt as new, then acknowledge the miſtake, and attack the illiberality

illiberality of ripping up ſuch matters at ſuch a time." He entered into particulars, which he explained to the ſatisfaction of his right *honourable* employer. Accordingly the next day there appeared the following paragraph: "In a certain boarding ſchool not a hundred miles from one of the great northern roads, a French dancing-maſter has been teaching one of the ſcholars a new *ſtep*."—Two days after, another journal had it as follows: "The young lady that has been taking French leſſons, has retired towards Yorkſhire to meditate upon her inſtructions." Next came paragraph third: "What a dearth of intelligence and entertainment there is to be found among our brother ſcribes! The ſtory of the boarding-ſchool is more than two years old." In another part of the ſame journal the aſſertion of obſoleteneſs was repeated with a moral reflection on the

illiberality of reviving what had been almoſt forgotten, and a flaming metaphor about "calumny's envenomed tooth." The fifth article was,—"The young lady that was ſo ſhamefully traduced by a falſe report about a French dancing-maſter, has ſo ſatisfactorily cleared her character, that ſhe is about to give her *hand* to a young baronet of great and increaſing parliamentary eminence.—If he be ſatisfied, who has a right to be otherwiſe?" The ſixth; "We can aſſure our readers, that Sir E. H. is not to marry Miſs M——; the reaſons of this change we do not undertake to explain." Seventh,—"The boarding-ſchool report ſtill continues to *haunt* poor Miſs M——r; not that ſhe is under any dread of ſpectres; her diſturbance is *from fleſh and blood.*"—Eighth, in another paper, the ſame morning: "It has been reported that a young

man

man of high and rifing literary reputation is about to lead to the altar a young lady that has for feveral days engroffed the attention of the public; as he is a very refpectable young man, we, on his account, hope he will look before he leap. What feeling heart but muft deplore the fate of Altamont, though only fictitious! how much deeper muft be regret when the cafe is real! Alas! we fear that like Horatio's difcovery, it will be too late." Ninth was an advertifement in the fame paper: "To-morrow morning will be publifhed, a faithful narrative of the Yorkfhire Califta, including fome anecdotes of the gay and fportive Lothario; humbly dedicated to Altamont H——n, Efq. of Lincoln's Inn; *not* by permiffion; by the profound admirer of his genius and erudition, and the friend of his virtues, Horatio. Printed for J. Blackball.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye truſt,
Did you but think how ſeldom *fools* are juſt,
So many of your ſex would not in vain,
Of broken vows and faithleſs men complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by MEN OF SENSE betrayed!"

Meanwhile our hero had ſeen the firſt paragraphs without any emotion; but he was ſtruck with the article that mentioned a baronet of great parliamentary abilities, inſerted in a morning paper, which he happened to ſee in a coffee-houſe. He reviewed the antecedent paragraphs. Firmly aſſured of the dignified virtue of his Maria, he did not, for a moment, feel any uneaſineſs on that account; nevertheleſs, one afternoon, ſuſpecting that they meant to apply to her, he was filled with rage: an evening paper juſt coming in mentioning Sir E. H., initials that applied to no member of parliament but Sir Edward Hamden, he had no doubt

doubt but ſome villainous calumny was machinated againſt the adored miſtreſs of his heart. He firſt thought of immediately interrogating the editors; but on a little cooler reflection he ſaw the propriety of conſulting his friend, Sir Edward, and requeſting him in the firſt inſtance to demand an account of the freedom uſed with his character, and who the young lady was who had been ſo diſgracefully appended to his name. Sir Edward was abroad; and, though boiling with impatience, Hamilton was obliged to ſuſpend all inveſtigation till the next morning. Repairing home in the greateſt agitation he found his mother, Charlotte, and Maria together. Having embraced Maria with impaſſioned violence, he recollected his reſolution of concealing his partial diſcovery until he was able to make out the whole. He endeavoured to appear calm, but the at-

tempt was unavailing, and the effort was obvious. Maria, with the moſt ſoothing affection, entreated him to inform them what had diſtreſſed him. He at firſt attempted to laugh away the idea, but finding that they were not to be impoſed upon, he acknowledged that there was a paragraph in a newſpaper, that appeared to convey an implication concerning Sir Edward Hamden that was very injurious, and which he was determined to inveſtigate :—to-morrow morning, after ſeeing his friend, he would get at the particulars. The arrival of Captain and Mr. Mortimer, prevented any farther diſcuſſion of this ſubject; but Maria was extremely uneaſy; ſhe thought the agitation of Hamilton much greater than even friendſhip for Sir Edward Hamden could produce, and could not avoid thinking that ſhe herſelf was ſome how or other concerned. No opportu-

nity

nity occurred of making any enquiry that evening; ſhe went home with her father and uncle, and immediately retired to her room, and brooding over the idea that Hamilton was diſtreſſed upon her account, ſhe turned her imagination through the wild region of poſſibility, and coming to plauſibilities, made a conjecture, not wide of the truth, that ſome attempt had been made in the public papers, in ſome way or other, unf vourable to her. She was conſcious of no act or thought that could expoſe her to reproach; what could be the motive or cauſe of ſuch an attempt? Bewildered in her labyrinth of poſſibilities, where ſhe had no probable clue, ſhe tormented herſelf with conjuring up ſucceſſive phantoms of evil, and at laſt concluded that ſome rival was endeavouring to part her and her beloved Hamilton. Of the Counteſs of Cock-

atrice ſhe knew nothing as a rival.—Louiſa Primroſe, ſhe was well aſſured, was fondly attached to Hamilton, yet ſhe appeared a very amiable girl; could ſuch be guilty of ſuborning calumny? This idea ſhe diſmiſſed as illiberal and unjuſt; but was the more diſtreſſed that ſhe could find no other to ſubſtitute in its place. After a ſleepleſs night ſhe roſe early, and telling her ſervant ſhe was going to call on Charlotte Hamilton, with whom ſhe often walked before breakfaſt, ſhe went out. Although it was hardly ſeven o'clock when ſhe arrived at Mrs. Hamilton's, ſhe found that William had gone out at ſix, and had come back about half an hour after in a very great *fluſter*, as the ſervant expreſſed it, had gone up ſtairs, and after ſtaying ſome time was juſt gone out again. Charlotte preſently joined her, and the maid coming to arrange the

room

room in which they were, they moved into Hamilton's library; there Charlotte happening accidentally to caſt her eyes to the place where her brother's piſtols uſed to hang, perceived that the caſes were empty, and without conſideration remarked the circumſtance to Maria. Miſs Mortimer was extremely alarmed; remembering he had mentioned his intention of ſeeing Sir Edward early in the morning, they immediately concluded that William was engaged in ſome dangerous quarrel, in which his friend was to be his ſecond; no time was to be loſt; a coach was ordered immediately, and directed to drive with all ſpeed to Sir Edward's. It had reached the corner of Portland Street, where Maria eagerly exclaimed, "Mr. Hamilton." William inſtantly joined them, and perceived the terrified countenance of both; they informed him of the cauſe

of their alarms. He aſſured them that it was totally groundleſs; that he was on his way home to wait for Sir Edward, who would be with him in half an hour; and after giving orders to the coachman, reflecting that they might hear of the ſlanders from ſome other perſon, he reſolved and promiſed to inform them as ſoon as he was at home. Accordingly he told them of the paragraphs he had ſeen the preceding day, and added that as he was repairing early that morning to the houſe of Sir Edward, he had ſeen ſeveral papers, two of which contained moſt infamous inſinuations, and one an advertiſement worſe than the reſt. In his anger he had determined to piſtol the fabricator; but his friend Sir Edward had fully convinced him of the impropriety of ſuch a proceeding, and that a reſolute coolneſs only could effectually inveſtigate the villainy, and

bring

bringits authors to condign punishment. By this time Mrs. Hamilton was up and breakfast was prepared, and while they were informing her of what had happened, and she making the comments of honour and rectitude upon such villainy, Sir Edward's servant arriving told Hamilton his master was waiting at the Gray's Inn coffee-house. They first proceeded to the house of the editor, in whose papers the most flagrant and pointed paragraphs had been inserted. Hamilton, on their way, expressed his surprize that so malignant a calumny should appear in a journal of considerable ability, and that did not require scandal to supply the want of valuable materials; besides, the editor, whom he knew very well, was a man of fair and respectable reputation. Sir Edward observed, that in the vast multiplicity of matter it must be difficult for the

the editor of a daily newſpaper to guard againſt the inſertion of very objectionable paſſages. Being introduced to the gentleman in queſtion, Sir Edward opened the buſineſs as relating to himſelf; Mr. Hamilton ſtated its other objects, branches, and connections, and very ſtrongly repreſented its groſs falſehood and malignant tendency. Their purpoſe in troubling the editor, he ſaid, was to require the name of the author. As the language and manner of both was temperate and polite, the editor conducted himſelf accordingly: he declared, upon his honour, that the paragraphs of both that and the preceding day had been inſerted without his knowledge; that he had been out of town the two laſt days, and was only arrived that morning. He had ſeen his paper of the day before at Salt Hill, on his way to town, and was extremely ſorry to ob-

ſerve a paragraph alluding to ſo reſpectable a member of the ſenate as Sir Edward Hamden. The paragraph in his paper of to-day was equally unknown to him; in itſelf it was inſignificant, but connected with the advertiſement, other paragraphs both in his and other papers, he acknowledged it appeared to be all one chain of defamation. He, himſelf, proteſted he did not know whence it proceeded; but as his paper had been one vehicle of the calumny, he would be extremely happy to trace it to its ſource; and added, that they themſelves ſhould dictate, as far as reſpected his paper, any ſtrictures upon the ſlander, which they ſhould judge expedient. Convinced that this editor was not intentionally to blame, they accepted of his apology, and Hamilton aſked whether he could not ſee the hand writing in which the calumny had been

conveyed.

conveyed. The editor not immediately anſwering this propoſition, our hero obſerved that he was convinced no writer known to or approved by the editor could have ſent ſuch defamatory libels; but an anonymous calumniator was an aſſaſſin that attacked in the dark, and ought to be made public. The editor ſaid he had not ſeen the hand-writing, but that there was a general rule to withhold from perſons complaining of a libel, the means of eſtabliſhing the proof. Hamilton immediately anſwered to this,—"Mr. Editor, I muſt take the liberty of obſerving that you miſconceive my meaning; we do not want the hand-writing as the means of eſtabliſhing the libel. The libel, ſir, is printed and publiſhed by you, you aſſert, and we believe, without your knowledge, and contrary to your practice. But I am determined that the libel ſhall un-

dergo

dergo the profecution which its atrocity deferves; but we wifh to profecute the real author, and requeft from you the only means you can have, according to your ftatement, of giving the defired information; but I do not fay I require or demand, becaufe you have an alternative." Hamilton now afked Sir Edward if he would go; Sir Edward anfwered he made no doubt but the editor would, on reflection, afford them the fatisfaction which they defired. The editor afked if they could defer till the following morning preffing for a fight of the hand-writing? "I had much rather you would difcover the truth in any other way; and, upon my honour, I have not feen the hand-writing. I think from the *laft* part of the advertifement you have fome kind of a clue." "Well, fir," faid Hamilton, "I believe I comprehend you, and I fhall promife not to

require

require an anſwer to my queſtions about the hand-writing, till to-morrow morning." At this time a ſervant calling the editor forth, he begged to be excuſed for a few minutes; and on his return ſaid, that he had juſt learned the inſertion to have ariſen from the inadvertence of the perſon that acted for him as editor in his abſence. The hand-writing he had now ſeen; but would ſay nothing on the ſubject until the following day; "I have only to obſerve one thing, that if you ſhould happen to ſuſpect any individual perſon, perhaps by pretending to know more than you do, you may beſt anſwer your purpoſe."

Hamilton and Hamden now ſet off to the houſe of Blackball, and finding that worthy perſon at home, deſired a few minutes converſation. He, bowing very obſequiouſly, requeſted their attendance in a back parlour. Hamilton, profiting

profiting by the hint of the editor, told Mr. Blackball that they had examined the paragraphs which they now presented to him, and found they were all deduceable from the same origin. "Now, Mr. Blackball, what we have to to say to you is short; you will either confess yourself the author of the paragraphs in question, or stand the actions for defamation of Miss Maria Mortimer, in the paragraphs which we will prove to be from you. Will you or not?" "Gentlemen, you are very sudden," said Blackball. Finding them, however, inexorable he fully confessed the whole. The different papers acknowledged themselves completely deceived: the countess's scheme was entirely discomfited, and Blackball, for the present, was allowed a respite from the pillory.

Hamilton having returned, informed Maria of Blackball's confeſſion, but without taking any notice of the prompter.

The attempted obſtacles to the marriage of our hero and heroine were now entirely removed. Old Mr. Wentbridge came to town to perform the ceremony, and was accompanied by his ſon the doctor. Charlotte being bridemaid, and her father giving the bride away, the nuptials were ſolemnized on the 17th of May, 1790, and the lovely Maria became the wife of Hamilton.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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